

# The TATLER

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1599.

London, February 17, 1932

{ REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM }



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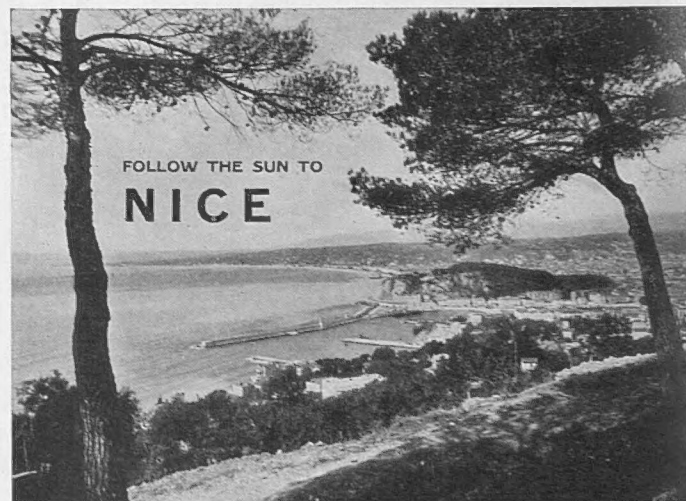
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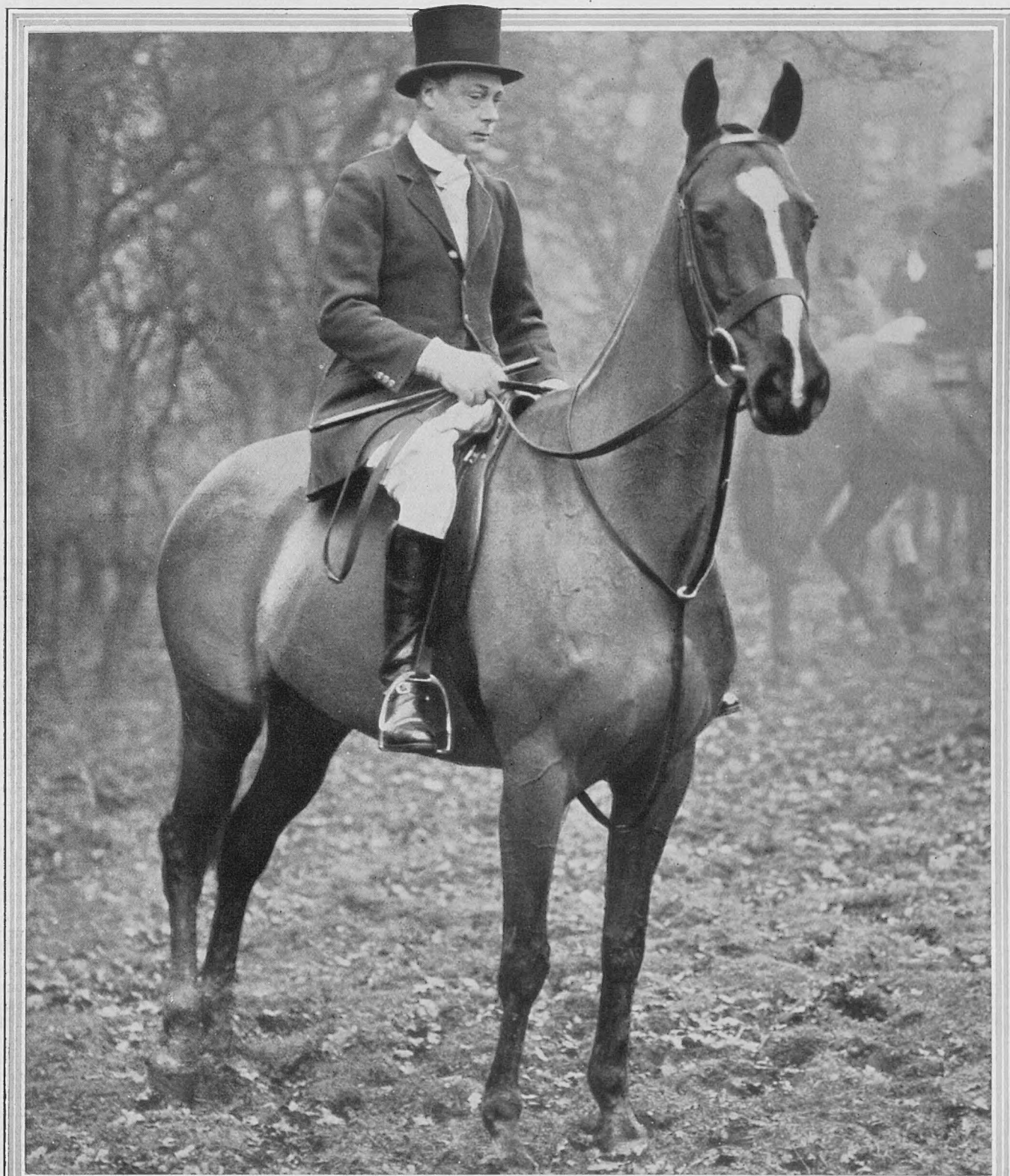
# The TATTLER

WITH  
SUPPLEMENT

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1599. London, February 17, 1932

POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and  
Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3½d.

Price One Shilling



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE QUORN LAST WEEK

On the day this picture of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was taken the Quorn met at Lodge-on-the-Wolds, Leicestershire, and both H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and H.R.H. Prince George were also out. The fact that the Prince of Wales and his brothers have gone back to Melton this season has done much to restore what may be called the morale of hunting and of other things, for it says quite plainly that there is no need for that dire pessimism which at one time seemed to have gripped so many people by the throat





STRENGTH AND BEAUTY—A WONDERFUL PICTURE FROM GLOUCESTERSHIRE

To the artist who took this beautiful picture in a wood near Eastwood Park, Bristol, is due our felicitations, for it is a great piece of composition, and it was an inspiration to catch this team of horses hauling a four-ton tree trunk at this very moment. The team is owned by Mr. Gillam of Bristol, and is "strong" evidence that the horse is not obsolete

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Belton Park, to such good account. They are prepared to sell you country produce of every kind, ranging from carnations to black mutton, a delicacy which is far more seductive than it sounds. Venison comes out of the park, and the lovely young chatelaine herself makes chocolate to hearten the golfers who play round the private course. Such diligence deserves every success.

The Brownlows are not the only people who have, so to speak, modified their household arrangements in these days of economy. Lord and Lady Redesdale have let their house and now they live in their own stables. Certainly a very illuminating sign of the times, for even the youngest of us must have been told the dreadful story of Sir James Reid in the days of Queen Victoria. Sir James got engaged to one of the Queen's maids of honour, and she was so horrified at the thought of an engaged couple sharing even the same roof that she banished him to the stables at Balmoral. And everyone thought at the time that it was a dreadful indignity for the poor man.

However, I can imagine that the Redesdale's stables may be more comfortable just now than a house in the Outer Hebrides. And it is just there that Captain John Lascelles has taken his bride, who was Miss Betty Lascelles, after spending a few days at Lord and Lady Edward Hay's place in Norfolk. However, though shooting does not appeal very much to Mrs. Lascelles, either actively or passively, she is learning the game, and as long as the pot does not rely on her efforts she hopes all may be well.

One of the best parties given out of London during the last few days was Captain Philip Dormer's bottle party at the Keith Menzies' house. All the choicest spirits of the West Country, in every sense of the word, forgathered there including Lord and Lady Westmorland, who brought a large party with them from Lyegrove. This was Lady Westmorland's first appearance since her operation for appendicitis. But she looked just as lovely as ever in a dress of white and silver. Lady Enid Turnor, Sir Hugh Seely, and the Peter Thursbys and Lady Mainwaring were a few among the many. Almost the best turn of the evening was provided by Lord Westmorland and Captain Benson, for they constituted the band while the band had supper. It was nearly five when the party broke up.

Mr. James Beck gave a most amusing party on Wednesday night at which some seventy-eight people, including the Prince of Wales and Prince George, were given a private view of the new Garbo effort, *Mata Hari*. It is not often that a new film gets such a fashionable send-off! The tiny theatre behind the Ambassadors' contained more well-known faces and remarkable fur coats than many a Cochran first night—and that's saying a lot! Mink seemed to be in favour, and I saw Mrs. Charles Winn, Mrs. Edwin Montagu, Lady Juliet Trevor, Mrs. Vreeland, and many others, all warmly wrapped up in defiance of the snow outside. Mrs. Fred Cripps preferred chinchilla. Her new coiffure is an admirable advertisement for the hair-dressing establishment now owned and run by her popular husband. The Prince arrived rather late, accompanied by Prince George, Lady Furness, Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, and his lovely wife, and Lord Ednam.

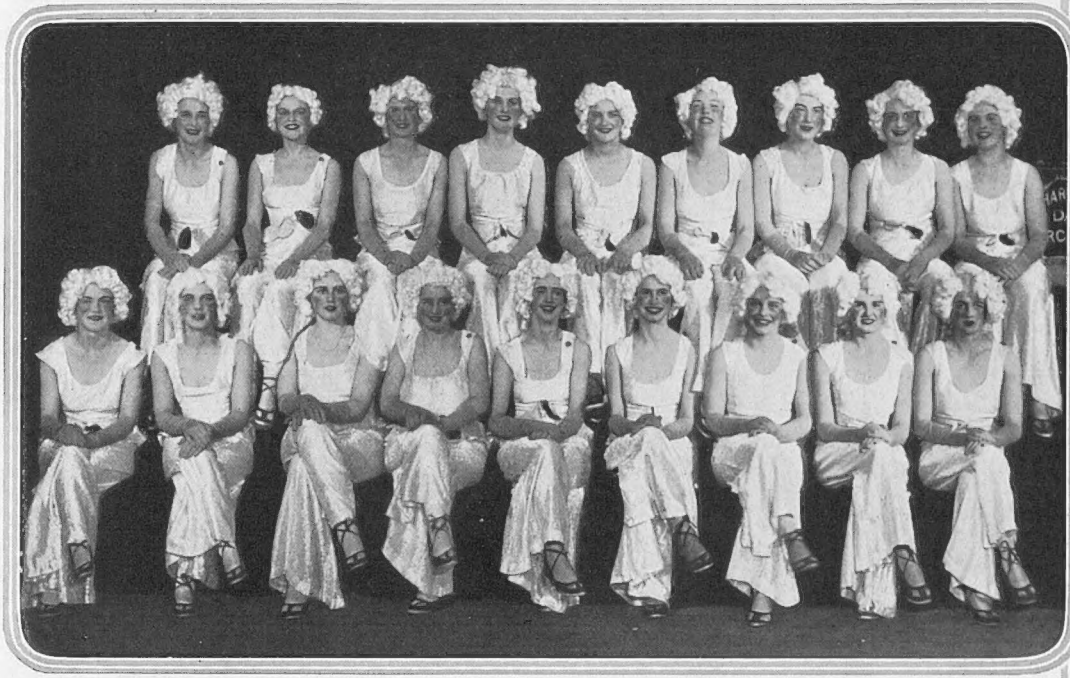
Mrs. James Beck, in a pink dress, tied on the shoulders with deeper pink ribbon, arrived late, too, complaining bitterly that her party refused to be dragged away from their dinner. Mr. "Puffin" Asquith, one of our most enterprising young directors, was well to the fore, and Lady Oxford, Lady Diana Cooper, Lord Wimborne, and Sir Philip Sassoon, were other regular film fans to be seen, Lady Diana looking beautiful in black lace with a huge spray of orchids on her shoulder.

All good things come together. There were so many amusing cocktail parties on Wednesday that it was impossible to fit them all in. Lady Mount Temple entertained in her rather alarmingly modern house, and Mr. Gavin Henderson and lovely Mrs. Armstrong Jones, though they had rival parties, shared many of the same guests. Lord Rosse was one of those who managed to go to both parties. Mrs. Armstrong's brilliant brother, Mr. Oliver Messel, came on late to his sister's, and was telling the party, which included Miss Mala Brand and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, all about the marvellous dresses he is doing for the Cochran production of the *Miracle*.

It appears that the whole of the Lyceum Theatre is to be turned into a huge cathedral to provide a suitable background for them, and while Miss Tilly Losch will be the new Nun, Lady Diana Cooper will take her old part as the Madonna. I hear that Mr. Cochran has made a most generous gesture in connection with the production. He had meant to have two first nights, but he has now offered the performance and the house on the second night to Queen Charlotte's Hospital.—All my love to you, EVE.



## EDINBURGH DANCES FOR CHARITY



## FEATURES OF THE CABARET

Dressed in silver suitings and white wigs these young ladies created a stir at the big charity ball got up in Edinburgh by Lady Kinross. In front (left to right) are: The Hon. Elizabeth Younger, Miss Celia Dundas, Lady Anne Hope, Miss Alice Maconochie, Miss Juliet and Miss Diane Jamieson, Lady Grizel Boyle, Miss Marcia Fraser, and Lady Glentanar. Back row: Miss Helen Low, Miss Mary Borthwick, Miss Catherine Inglis, the Hon. Rosemary Balfour, Miss Kitty Graham, Miss Janet Jardine, Lady Angela Scott, Miss Jean Dundas, and Miss Hood



FURTHER SCOTTISH SUPPORTERS OF  
LADY KINROSS'S BIG CHARITY DANCE

A group showing Sir Philip Dundas (in kilt on left), his sister, Miss Dundas, Lady Susan Egerton, daughter of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, Mr. Dundas, Miss Baird, daughter of Lady Hersey Baird, and Captain Barnett. There were some seven hundred people at the ball, which was held at the Music Hall, Edinburgh. All the arrangements were admirable, the supper being outstandingly good, and Lady Kinross was congratulated on all sides at having staged such a splendid success. The Hon. David Balfour did his share in thinking out details of organization. He is Lord and Lady Kinross's younger son, and Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton is the second son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton



STAR TURNS: THE HON. PAMELA BALFOUR  
AND (right) MR. KIT CARRUTHERS

Who were the life and soul of the amateur cabaret which gave great distinction to Edinburgh's ball in aid of the Royal Infirmary. Mr. Kit Carruthers, a son of Lieut.-Colonel Frank Carruthers of Dormont, produced the cabaret and had an enormous success as a "première danseuse," while the Hon. Pamela Balfour ("after" Serge Lifar) brought the house down too. She is Lord and Lady Kinross's eldest daughter, and, like Mr. Carruthers, a noted "dramateur." It is reported that Miss Balfour may be taking up acting professionally



THE HON. PAMELA BALFOUR AND  
LORD NIGEL DOUGLAS-HAMILTON



MISS BORTHWICK AND THE HON.  
DAVID BALFOUR SITTING IT OUT

Photographs by Ian Smith



# The Cinema :

## A Clear View of Mount Kamet

By JAMES AGATE

**D**ESPITE the adoration of the dramatic critics that we should clear our minds of cant, cant still continues, lashings of it having been forth-coming in connection with the film called *Mount Kamet*. Letters have been appearing daily in the Press, or more properly in the more august part of it. *Mount Kamet* is, I understand, a beautiful film which contains, together with the filming of a mountain called Kamet, a good deal about the source of the Ganges. Kamet, which is over 25,000 ft. high, was climbed last year by the British Himalayan Expedition, and its summit is the highest yet reached by man. This is a convenient place to say that the controversy about this film is as cant-capped as the mountain itself is snow-shrouded, but that, unlike the mountain, its head has not yet appeared above the clouds. The point about this film is that it contains no love-interest, an abstinence and a chastity which render discussion of it appropriate to "The Times," in whose majestic columns the controversy appears.

The converse grievance that some horizonless love-story had been interrupted by a mountaineering expedition would not, one thinks, have found hospitality in our contemporary's aloof columns. But that is by the way. The trouble about the film is that because of this absence of a love-story nobody will exhibit it, which is awkward for the British Himalayan Expedition since, to quote the first letter in a highly amusing series, "the proceeds from the film, it was hoped, would go towards defraying the cost of the expedition, which was necessarily considerable."

Let us now clear our first bit of cant out of the way. Expeditions, British Himalayan or otherwise, have no right to set out hoping this or hoping that, or hoping anything at all, except to get to the top of this, bottom of that, or middle of t'other. Let us translate this into ordinary business. Supposing some film magnate offers me £10 to make for him a film-scenario out of, say *Westward Ho!* with the promise of £10,000 if the film based on that scenario is ever shown. The proper thing to do if (a) you want £10, or (b) are sufficiently interested to make the scenario, is to make it and to write off the contingent £10,000 as worthless. Why? Because you will find that either the magnate doesn't own the film rights in the book, or that somebody else has pinched them from him and got a film in first. The magnate, of course, is the soul of honour, and you will get the soul of apology, and that is all! In any case his tiny hand will have frozen on to the £10,000. Similarly, the only thing that the huge hands of Himalayan climbers can be sure of freezing on to is the top of the Himalayas. If an expedition has a film value, commercially speaking, if millions ache, pine, and will pay money to see the film record, so much the better. But this must not be relied upon. If public indifference means that future expeditions will not take film records, so much the worse. Any expedition which is capable of climbing the Himalayas should have enough wit to realise the absurdity of placing any financial reliance upon a bargain to be struck with the entertainment industry *after* the event. Peaks in Darien are one thing; board meetings in Wardour Street another. What—to put the matter in a nutshell—is Himalaya to the Tivoli, or darkest India to the darkest cinema in Tooting?

Now let me rid this controversy of another bit of cant, the pretence that the film cannot be shown. I frankly do not

believe this, for I happen to know that the management of the Academy Theatre has made an offer for *Mount Kamet*, which at present is in a rough state and needs editing and titling. If the offer be accepted this little house will show this film and show it well. What the owners of the film presumably mean is that they have not been able to sell it for such sums as might reasonably be expected to accrue if on the topmost crag of Mount Kamet were poised, as precariously as Eros on his fountain, that universal devastatrix, Miss Clara Bow. The magnates of the entertainment industry are not so many Don Quixotes, and when they draw a Bow it must be at a certainty rather than a venture. In this they are right, or at least that is the view of their shareholders. The writer of a letter in "The Times" of Wednesday last put this point admirably when, following up his argument that the mentality of a film audience is not a day older than eighteen years of age, he wrote the following: "Film magnates must cater for the audiences who

are their regular customers, and, deplorable though it may sound, these audiences resent films of this calibre being put before them. I have tried repeatedly in my fairly long experience to 'educate' my audiences, but always with disastrous results financially. Besides, I now see I had no right to do it. They expected me to provide entertainment which they could understand and for which they had paid, not to look down on them from a Kamet-like height and try to elevate them." I have never seen the bare and honest truth put more fairly and squarely.

Reverting to the eighteen-year-old mentality of film-goers, I should like to record a recent experience at the London Pavilion. The film I had gone particularly to see was not very good, though the topicalities made an unusually good Budget. In addition, Mr. Starkey's band of virtuosi was in admirable form, this house is always comfortable, and my cigar was going well. So I determined to see a few feet of something called *Night Nurse*. This began with an exposition showing that hospital life in America must be as different from anything we know in this country, as their collegiate petting and football parties resemble life at Oxford. Then one of the nurses was sent to take charge of two fatherless children, who were being starved to death by a mother enamoured of her chauffeur, in whose uniform I faintly detected Mr. Clark Gable. So the nurse enlisted the aid of a boot-legger, who had the chauffeur put on the spot, after which the children sat up and took

nourishment, and the nurse married the boot-legger. Well, the sun went down and the stars came out, but I simply had to see the end of this deliriously preposterous farrago. That, of course, is the supreme test of any entertainment. Do you, or do you not, want it to stop, and if it won't stop will you? I know no young man or woman of eighteen who would not have a supreme contempt for this film, for which the proper age is fourteen. I thank Heaven that there are some films in the presence of which I am content to be fourteen, and *Night Nurse* is one of them. At the same time I want to see *Mount Kamet*, and shall be there when it is shown. But I know also which film will make money and which won't, and so too do the film magnates. That is the situation, which would not be altered if "The Times" filled every one of its distinguished columns with letters pointing out which, instructionally speaking, is the better film.



CORINNE GRIFFITH'S LATEST PICTURE

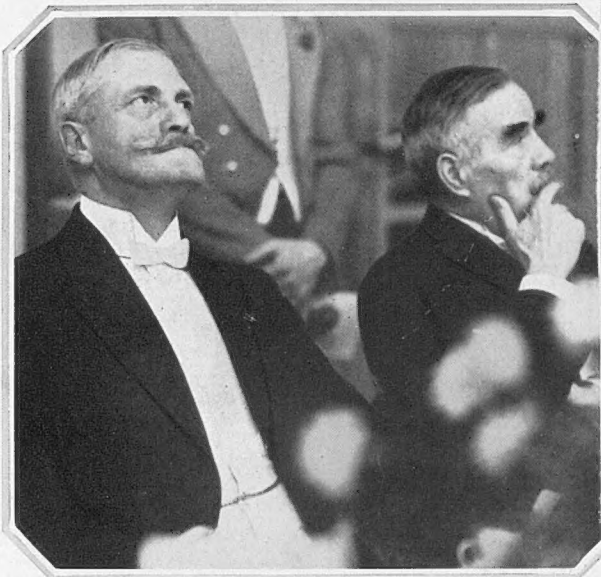
One of the beautiful Texan's latest talkie successes was a picture called "Back Pay," which was based upon the novel by Fanny Hurst, and the lead in which suited Corinne Griffith very well indeed. Before she went on the movies she was a professional dancer. She is now in England working on the film version of "Lily Christine," a Paramount picture based on a novel by Michael Arlen. In private life Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Walter Morosco

Stevens Rockwell



# AT THE RECENT

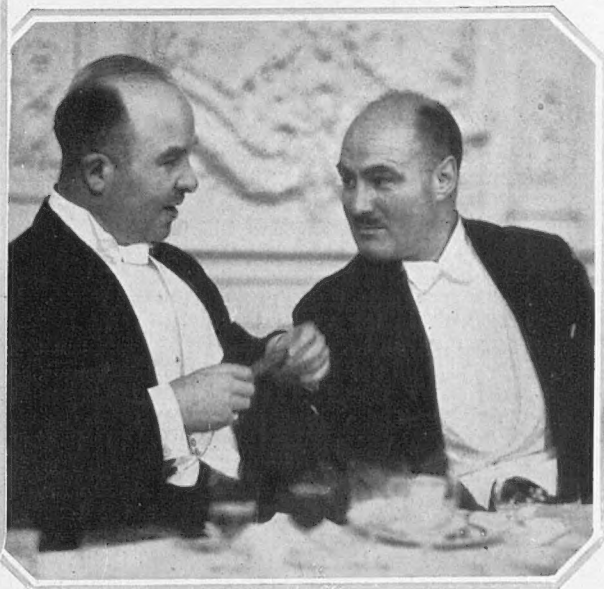
# "LONG-DOG" DINNER



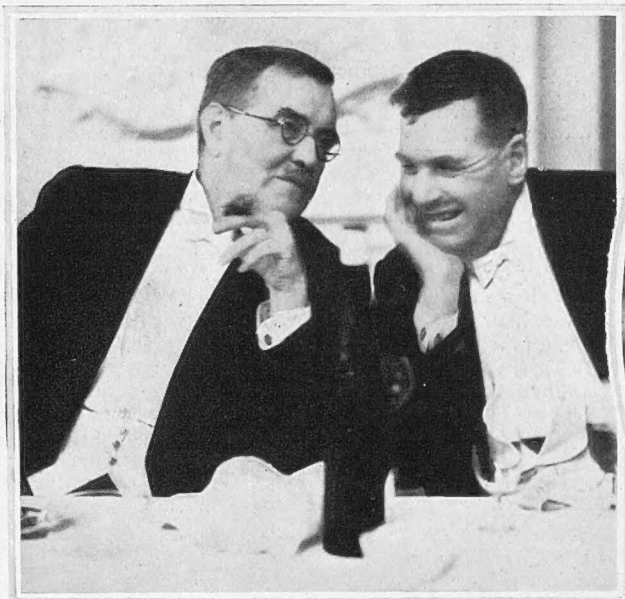
MAJOR-GENERAL LORD LOCH AND  
F.M. SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON



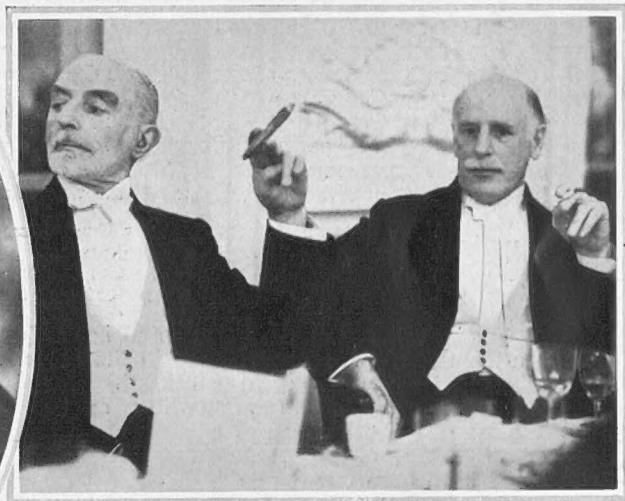
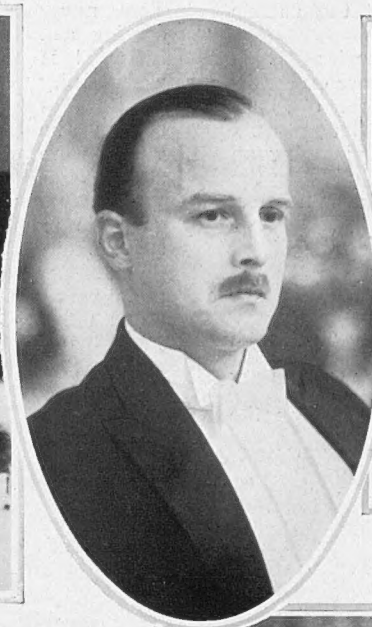
MR. W. H. McGRATH



MR. A. BEVERLEY-BAXTER AND BRIG.-GENERAL  
A. C. CRITCHLEY



PROFESSOR F. G. T. HOBDAY AND LORD LAWRENCE  
(right) MAJOR C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS (Secretary) AT THE  
NATIONAL GREYHOUND RACING ASSOCIATION DINNER  
AT THE SAVOY



ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY FREMANTLE AND  
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN DUNCAN



LORD ASKWITH AND SIR WILLIAM GENTLE

"Going to the dogs" of recent years has acquired an entirely new significance, and does not mean that which it used to mean; in fact it is connected with patronizing one of the most popular forms of entertainment of this modern world—the chase of the electric hare. Electric quarries are not likely to be expanded. We are not likely ever to see an electric fox or an electric pheasant, but the hare of that species as an incentive to the racing greyhound has proved a terrific success. The organizing genius of this thing, controlled by the National Greyhound Racing Association, is Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, C.M.G., D.S.O., and the reports and accounts of the N.G.R.A. for the past year, in spite of bad weather, industrial depression, and so forth, show an increase in attendances and profits. Brigadier-General Critchley is one of those with that rare gift—the flair for organization—and there is no doubt about it that these happy results are due in the main to him. At this dinner at the Savoy very distinguished representatives of the Services and of the veterinary faculty (Professor Hobday), as also patrons of the interesting sport, called "Gracing," for short, were present, as will be observed from the collection of pictures on this page



# From the Shires and Provinces

## A Leicestershire Letter

Tilton with the Cottesmore is not by way of being a good or fashionable day, and last Tuesday was no exception. The staunchest of fox preservers hate to see their foxes killed, and it is to be hoped this one didn't realize who was responsible for the untimely demise of one of them. The visitors had got hold of the wrong end of the stick, wearing spare snaffle bits in their ties. Stirrup leathers and axes are the traditional Cottesmore spare parts, though spades are not taboo. If there's a mist anywhere in the world there's a fog at Melton, and for the second year in succession the Belvoir met in the town in a dense fog. By mid-day it had lifted, but scent never served all day, and it was a triumph to stick to the afternoon fox nearly to his undoing. The visiting gentleman again assumed the prone position and was unable to see why! It is thought that after all he must have some connection with St. Dunstan's.

The Quorn met on Friday at Hungarton and jogged to The Coplow to draw. Few realize the trouble taken by Mr. Hartley over his coverts, and there are no greater strongholds for foxes than The Coplow and Botany Bay. In addition they seem to be learning to run into Fernie country over a good line, but scent was catchy all day and nothing much could be done. With one over wire, one ordinary, and one Absalom in one day our amateur doesn't look like getting the trip to Cheltenham. We have a new addition to the ranks of the astride women top-sawyers with a good horse or two.

The Punchbowl foxes have had their life made such a burden to them that they now go at once, and the Cottesmore on Saturday had a good morning from here, nearly to John o' Gaunt Covert, and to ground near Tilton. During the marking process a roar caused everyone to look up and see a lady jumping an obstacle. This cry serves the double purpose of intimidating the horse and attracting the mate, who is not allowed to miss a fence.

Box a bay horse from Banbury Cross (nearly)  
To see our Apollo upon a fine horse;  
With ribbons on fingers and pedal on toe,  
He's followed by beauty wherever he go.

The Belvoir met at the kennels and had a short hunt from Muston Gorse. A fox was found in the Belvoir Woods, but otherwise the day was devoid of incident.

Monday was a cold, raw day with a meet at Lodge on the Wolds; with the addition of a complete lack of scent there could have been few more depressing circumstances for the first whipper-in, hunting hounds. The eagerly-awaited gallop from The Curate, for which we were joined by several who hadn't borne the burden and cold of the day, came to an abrupt end at a drain below Old Dalby just as things were brightening up. During the jog back to draw again darkness, like an Egyptian plague, descended and home was ordered.

## From the Beaufort

Fog delayed us at the start on Monday from Christian Malford, and when we did start sport was only very moderate. Tuesday, at Knockdown, George Castle was hunting Master's lady pack, and a very large field turned out, and they managed successfully to get in every corner of Silk Wood, etc. George did well, and accounted for a brace before the end of the day.

Wednesday, at North Wraxall, was a really good hill day, and hounds were running hard all day, the best fun being from Gatcombe to Cramhill Wood in the evening.

Thursday from Broad Hinton, provided some amusement, as apart from a nice gallop in the morning we clashed with Maurice and his pack, hounds running in two lots, and fast, too; there was no question who was going to do the horn-blowing, Tom never ceasing all the way! It was a pity the lot that ran in the vale were stopped.

Friday saw Master back again after a few days' rest, and quite a large field turned out from Packlechurch, and a useful day's sport followed. The "Count" had a lucky escape from all accounts.

Saturday was Foxley Green, one of our most popular meets, and a very useful day's sport followed, the evening hunt being voted the best. We hear the bottle party at Easton Town Farm that night was a roaring success, and many strangers from all over the country turned up. A point-to-point ball is rumoured to be in the making, and to take place on Wednesday, March 9, at Badminton House, and if this is true it's bound to be a great success, as the charity it's for is most deserving, the R.A.B.I. and Local Beaufort Farmers' Benevolent Society.

## From the Fernie

The Mowsley Meet was cold and uninviting, fog lying over the district. Riders were unwilling to leave the comfort of the car, but once in the pig-skin and on the move the day brightened. Foxes were evasive; not until the everlasting hills of Hothorpe were reached were we able to locate one. Then a hunt over the flat through Bosworth Park to the canal enlivened things up a bit. Consternation reigned at the canal, the wired environments, plus railway, checking a lot of the field. The timely help of a Pytchley member, who carried the key of the railway gates, saved a few; meantime, hounds had crossed the water and continued on to the Loughton Hills with a straggling field in their wake. The two fox-chasers from "Belle France" were going great guns.

Fog still prevailed on Thursday at Carlton Curlieu, but hunting was possible. All were pleased to see Lady Dorothy



Howard Barrett

## A YOUNG VISITOR

John Julius Cooper, the son of Mr. Duff Cooper, M.P., and Lady Diana Cooper, with his grandmother, Violet, Duchess of Rutland, at Belvoir Castle, when the Duke of Rutland's hounds met at the kennels



Bale

## AT CARLTON CURLIEU HALL

A photograph taken when the Fernie were at Sir Keith Fraser's home. He is seen on the right talking to Captain Edmonstone, M.F.H., while on the left are Lady Dorothy Fraser and Sir Harold Wernher, the senior Master. In spite of fog scent was good, and hounds had a busy day



## FROM TEES SIDE



## PERSONALITIES AT THE MIDDLESBROUGH CHARITY BALL—BY FRED MAY

The thirty-eighth annual Charity Ball in aid of the Middlesbrough Hospitals was held in the Town Hall, and in spite of all that we hear about the hardness of the times it was quite as big a financial success as ever. By means of this ball thousands of pounds are raised every year. It was in aid this year of the North Riding Infirmary, the North Ormesby Hospital, and the Nurses' Home. The committee who did such good work were: Mr. W. J. Bruce, O.B.E., J.P. (chairman), Mr. Joseph B. Winterschlader, Mr. J. V. Mitchell, the Mayor of Middlesbrough (Alderman A. Marshall, J.P.), Mr. S. E. Morton, Mr. Geo. L. Wye, and Mr. Felix Corbett, J.P.; and the hard-working hon. secs. were Dr. Harold Walker and Mr. S. A. Sadler, J.P. Alderman Wm. J. Bruce raised two service battalions of the Green Howards during the War. Sir William Fawcett is a well-known figure in political circles in Cleveland, and in his younger days he was a pretty good cricketer, and Mr. Oddie Cochrane is an old Cambridge Rowing Blue



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Nature's Unfair Victory.

**A**MONG the many hills in life which willy-nilly we have to climb if we would find peace, the hill of growing old happily is the steepest and most difficult of all. Unless something untoward happens we all have to reach the summit, but alas! most of us arrive there in a very irritable, tousled condition. Youth has been so full of gay, unimportant things that, unless we have kept something of our real selves apart from the hubbub, we find ourselves ascending that hill without any preparation whatsoever. No wonder so many of us refuse to believe that already we are beginning to climb, so many walk up the hill backwards in the foolish belief that people below may imagine that they are in reality standing still. It is a very pitiful spectacle as a rule, though very few possess the imagination to pity it. And those who are also climbing are often the first to jeer and abuse, seeking a horrid kind of comfort in the sight of someone finding it more difficult than they do themselves. Younger people still merely laugh. And, indeed, they have something to laugh at, because we none of us know what antics we shall be up to when we too have to face the horrid fact that steadily, but sternly, we are being gradually left behind. The real tragedy, however, lies in the fact that few of us have tended that metaphorical garden which robs the knowledge of being left behind of half its poignancy. We clutter up our lives with too many people who really mean nothing to us, nor we to them; we chatter, chatter, chatter too often and about nothing at all. When the moment comes, and we realize that the crowd doesn't want to be cluttered up by us any more, and our chattering, if it has always been mere chatter and nothing else, has lost its audience, too many of us try and adapt ourselves, unsuccessfully, to the wrong generation, seeking either to entertain it by an imitation of its own antics, or what is infinitely worse, endeavour to manage it in the manner of a school-master whose breakfast has disagreed with him. As a matter of fact, to be left behind is often the opening into life's happiest garden. It is like discovering a country lane leading off a noisy arterial road which nobody, rushing about hither and thither, wants to wander down, because, according to them, it leads nowhere very much, since it has no obvious entertainment. But oh, how peaceful and pretty it is! And, by comparison with those trying to overtake each other on the noisy high road, how unfettered! Nothing does matter very much, but as a rule we don't realize how little until, whatever it

was or was not, doesn't now matter at all. It is rather nice to sit back and remember, and to be amused. All the love you have ever merited will follow you into your new-found independence, and that will mellow all your days and be with you until the end. Except in the more agitated turmoils of life you really won't be left behind because, if only you have kept something of yourself for yourself alone and for those you love, you will have found what all the restless are forever seeking, which is the kind of life that makes for happiness, because at last you have discovered the atmosphere in which you can expand and be yourself. People will seek your company for the peace which you have found. I have never known anybody any happier for having their face lifted. I have never seen any real joy in the expression of the middle-aged who would suck from youth something of youth's vitality in the hope that they too will be made younger. On the contrary, these elderly people look the most miserable in the world, for ever haunted by the dread of failure, for ever fearful of that shaft of ridicule which gets home every time and is so certain of the thoughtless laugh. After all, if life follows its natural course it robs us of something only to offer us something else. The change-over may often be painful, but it isn't a tragedy unless you fight peevishly against that change. If I were to live again and to live eternally, I would ask to remain at round about forty-five; always providing that my body were still my friend. At that age you have one foot planted in the best place in each camp, without the hectic ambitions of the one and the aches and pains and the sometime loneliness of the other. If you know the meaning of happiness at forty-five, which is merely to know yourself, you will be happy until the end. If you do not, then your philosophy has gone from one silliness to another, and your "soul" has become as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Briefly, you are a bore.

## The Tragedy of a Prima Donna.

**A**nd if you want to read a terrible, poignant, but extraordinarily life-like story of a woman who fought for her old place in life's arena to the last ditch, read "Evensong" (Cape. 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Beverley Nichols. Not for a long time have I read a novel which gripped, yet amused me so much. It is the story of a great singer, a "Queen of Song," who sang like an angel; a "spoilt darling" of the public who became a perfect, and private, nuisance when at sixty she was still spoilt and furious because she was no longer a "darling." From being an example age had turned her into a tradition, and there is no change-over in life more difficult to accomplish gracefully. One of the most remarkable things about this very clever novel is the way the overpowering personality of Madame Irela gets through the pages to engulf the reader's own imagination. We realize her indomitable selfishness disguised as will-power; her strange fascination nevertheless; something even of her superb voice. We dislike her, though at the same time we understand the pitiful tragedy of this grim, angel-voiced singer who, by the laws of Nature, was losing ground every day and being caught up and passed by singers less unique, only alas! so much younger than herself. Irela took growing old badly. Age became with her

(Continued on p. 264)



Peter North

## THE COUNTESS OF LATHOM

Who, in conjunction with Mr. P. G. Konody, has produced "An Introduction to French Painting," a most interesting and beautifully illustrated work. It is published by Cassell



Sasha

## MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT AND MR. BEN TRAVERS

At the first night of Mr. Oscar Asche's all-star revival of "Julius Caesar" at His Majesty's. Mr. Ben Travers, whose new farce, "Dirty Work," is soon coming to the Aldwych, has also been busy writing for the films. Miss Margaretta Scott had a big stage success in "A Murder has been Arranged." Recently she was playing Isabella in "Elizabeth of England."



## TAKE A CHANCE!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Friend (to anxious mother whose daughter is keeping company with a soldier): Go on, let 'er 'ave 'er fling.  
Gals what's kep' under makes women what's left over!



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

an obsession. If she saw her years reflected in the eyes of those who had known her when she was young, a kind of mad fury seized her, making her mind and tongue ruthless. She refused to stand aside in the world of song, and yet, by guarding her claim, she became rather absurd. Beyond her kingdom, which was the world's adulation, she had absolutely nothing for herself. She was like a rapacious tiger behind bars which she could not break, but which year by year would imprison her in greater loneliness. Beverley Nichols has given us a ruthless but fascinating character-study in *Irela*. He has told her tragedy remarkably well—economically, ironically, with a lot of unobtrusive but devastating humour. At the same time, somehow or other, he never lets us forego our pity for this woman, even though we realize that she is a ruthless monomaniac, selfish, grasping, a divine singer, but a greater business woman, utterly impervious to the needs of others which serve not her own ends. Among the new novels I have read I have not discovered one which I found more entirely readable. I enjoyed meeting the subsidiary characters, too, especially the hospital nurse whose relentless cheerfulness could see the "bright side" of somebody else sitting down on a pin. At least, she was that kind of woman.

\* \*

## Urban Rusticity.

"*Linda Shawn*" (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.), by Miss Ethel Mannin, is a novel with a purely rustic background, the story played out by farmers and farm labourers and serving-hands. Speaking personally, however, I was never in the real country all the same, nor among any character which was not so much country as "country cottage." One does not smell pigs so much as "Essence of New-mown Hay" in a bottle; but this, I am sure, will not deprive the novel of what is certain to be at least a season's success. *Linda Shawn*; her fretful mother, who used to be the village schoolmistress; her father, who spent his happier hours lolling over a gate; her two brothers—David simple and devoted, Andrew physically ardent, jealous, unmanageable; Hester, who had "the baby" (there is always an unmarried mother in urban tales of the country-side), and Nan, the come-hither bar-maid of the neighbouring town—all these belong to "good story" rather than to good life. The partial failure is, however, that Miss Mannin has not a very "good story" to tell. Her novel is rather the description of the early adolescent years of her heroine, her devotions which were unreciprocated, her one small love affair which ended tragically; the awful importance of things which happen in extreme youth which are so soon forgotten, and the gradual growth from being a "reflection" to being an independent, partially self-contained human being. As such a picture the novel is very well done. It is not, of course, a very exciting picture, but it is quite an interesting one. Nevertheless, the most convincing character of all is Linda's mother, frustrated in her ambitions towards the more urban ideas of success by a husband who preferred to loll rather than work, and by children who escaped her absolute jurisdiction before they could safely stand alone. So that she found herself towards the end of her life much in the same position as when

she started, except now she was a back-ground rather than one who lived arranging her own, and her husband's, and children's fate. Lots of parents find themselves thus, and are consequently very annoyed. Mrs. Shawn was no exception. All the same, her character is more alive than that of Linda. As a story, beginnings, I suppose, do not make a very thrilling one; unless, peradventure, we can view them as the prelude to life's greater disappointments. These really do make a satisfying tale. "*Linda Shawn*" does not get so far as that. Perhaps Miss Mannin is planning a sequel?

\* \* \*

## An Excellent Example of Super-popular Fiction.

Still, I suppose the three stars awarded for pure entertainment value must be accorded to Mr. Gilbert Frankau for his new novel, "*Christopher Strong*" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). It contains nearly all those elements of popularity which make a novel sell in thousands. In fact, it contains everything which

an habitual novel reader likes to find, including Big Business, Big Titles, passion, riches, sexual social problems—the whole knitted together in a story which moves as quickly, and always relentlessly, to the point as an American film of the biggest box-office attraction. It displays a fiction world in which nothing matters so greatly as movement, and so the story carries you along with it from beginning to end. It is not literature, perhaps; but it is excellent entertainment, and that, after all, comprises the whole *raison d'être* of what most people think about when they are thinking about a good novel to read and to recommend.

\* \*

## Slight, but Amusing.

"*The Old Lady Makes a Cup of Tea*" (Simpkin Marshall), by B. Val Thal, plunges us even deeper into a world of fiction where enter-

tainment is everything. All the same, I cannot imagine how any sane man who, finding that he could not live in peace in London because of the everlasting attentions of his friends (especially one, Lady Gorehampton, who was one of those women whom nothing but your death will excuse your absence from one of her parties), hid himself in a country cottage in Sussex. Now, if he had gone to Northumberland . . . ! However, he went to live in Sussex, in a place far from any station, and "hard to find even by car." I can't think where in Sussex it could possibly be; unless it is that some people, if they happen to settle off the main road, seem to imagine that they are "lost in the wilds, thank God!" Anyway, for a few weeks Captain Parker managed to find seclusion and rest. But one day he was horrified to read in the paper that Lady Gorehampton was dead. He must attend her funeral: which he did. But she wasn't dead after all! The announcement was only a means whereby his seclusion might be discovered. It was all a hoax. So we take leave of the poor man, his thoughts turned hopefully now towards far Tibet, while his country house is invaded by his friends to such an extent that he has to give up his own bedroom. A slight, amusing little story; well written, but a little unsatisfying—like the typist's lunch.



IF EVERYBODY SPOKE THE TRUTH—THE FISHERMAN



## A VERY GOOD INDEED "HELEN"



HELEN (MISS EVELYN LAYE) AND PARIS (MR. BRUCE CARFAX)



MENELAUS (MR. GEORGE ROBEY), HELEN, AND CALCHAS (MR. W. H. BERRY)

The gorgeous Cochran production of "Helen!" at the Adelphi must have set a whole lot of people wondering whether the real Helen was half as beautiful and attractive as Miss Evelyn Laye. Luckily for the historic walk-out of Paris and others, she was an immortal, otherwise by the time the first tank (the Wooden Horse) had completed the fall of Troy the lady would have been so long in the tooth that no one would have been ready to make so much fuss as actually happened, according to a dramatic author named Homer. Actually it has always been thought by some people that Menelaus was rather glad to get shut of Helen. The play will be fully dealt with in caricature next week in our dramatic columns



MR. HAY PETRIE AS "MERCURY"



ORESTES (MISS DESIRÉE ELLINGER) AND HELEN

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE WITH THE QUORN

Taken the day these hounds met at Lodge on the Wolds last week. The steed H.R.H. is riding is very like one that was owned by H.R.H. the Duke of York—a clever chestnut hunter

fox short of Illston, the field groping their way over the countryside. Another outlier put up near Sheephorns gave an all-round-my-hat run by way of Carlton and Shangton village to ground. An enjoyable gallop; the evaporation from the horses vied with the mist. The gipsy cur-dog very nearly nipped this fox when he crossed their convoy.

In a closing run from Shangton Holt poor Tommy took an imperial and was carried off. May this fearless horseman not be long away.

#### From the Heythrop

On Monday at Heythrop Village there was a lot of hanging about on the part of ourselves and the fog, but eventually our two masters put two and two together and decided to hunt. As soon as hounds were put into covert, the fox and the fog went away like magic, and a very good day resulted. Why was a gentleman from a neighbouring hunt out visiting in rat-catcher? Perhaps his fox-catcher is not dry yet from trying to take liberties with the River Evenlode on a previous occasion. By killing a fox at Swerford, the total now stands at sixty brace. Wednesday at Burford was very nearly an historical day, as hounds ran a nine-mile point over almost the identical line of the famous Tar Wood run of bye-gone days, which is so well described in the famous poem; but how different the country crossed must have been then to now, with no railways, no tarmac, and, last but not least, no wire. Water, of course, had been invented by then. We are informed that the big, broad visitor on a big, broad horse is a big, broad-minded sporting parson. We feel sure that if he ever becomes a bishop, top-boots will take the place of black gaiters.

#### From Warwickshire

Another good Monday from Welcome with plenty of foxes and quite fun round Marraway in the afternoon. Tuesday was such a lovely day that it didn't really matter drawing blank round the Coombs and not finding until Weston, whence we ran

## From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 260)

in the saddle again after a long interval. The Master of the Whaddon Chase had come some distance to hunt and was not disappointed. The little lady on the chestnut had a lively *quart d'heure* at the meet, but survived the ordeal. Finding one of Mr. Kilpatrick's outliers hounds darted into the mist and killed their

through the Burnington Spinneys to Brailes. The sun and the view on the hill were glorious, and it might have been May. Everyone is delighted that Philip is joining forces in the Mastership for next season, and let's hope that sport will be as good as at present. It is a great pity, though, that we are losing our two most efficient whips who, we hear, are leaving for the Meynell and Grafton respectively, and we wish them good luck. The new covert at Broadwell may prove a great asset to that bit of the Thursday country, if it holds foxes, for they found there after meeting at Long Itchington on Thursday, and had quite a nice little hunt to Calcotts. If the foxes could be induced to cross the main road it is a fine line to Welsh-road Gorse. It was disappointing that nothing could be done with a fox from Sawbridge as there was only a small field left. A fox from Swalcliffe Common on Friday properly gave us the slip—no one heard the horn, and the pack was three fields away and running hard when we got through that tiny gate. It was a fine hound hunt and they eventually killed their fox which had crawled into a rabbit burrow. Beryl on her earth-disdainer hit the ground rather hard, and Joan retired below ground to emerge later, rather wetter than was comfortable! The house was crowded for the theatricals at Kineton that evening, which were excellent and most amusing. They are to be repeated at Leamington on the 13th.

#### From Lincolnshire

Southwold followers had an unusual experience on the day they met at North Willingham Top, for hounds ran into a dense fog which suddenly descended, and were completely lost. To find them was like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay! For two hours at least the quest went on, and never before, perhaps, were so many blasts heard on a huntsman's horn. Two couples of truants prolonged the agony until dark, but, eventually, all safely returned to kennels.

The Blankney hunting staff will not easily forget their experiences on Saturday, February 6, for they finished nearly twenty miles from home and had to hack over strange country in the inky blackness of the night. The kennel lights were very welcome, but it was bedtime when they hove in sight! A Potter

Hill fox was the cause of the trouble for he took the pack as far away as South Clifton on the bank of the River Trent, and then returning to Eagle Wood, kept them busy until night fell. In spite of many difficulties it was a jolly good hunt of about ninety minutes, during which hounds crossed at least twelve miles of unfamiliar country, which included one or two yawning drains which required a bit of doing!

#### From the York and Ainsty

By way of a change, let us devote our space this week to bidding good-bye to the lady who gave us such a jolly dance and has now left us. We don't quite know whether the following should be called a farewell sonnet or a valedictory or obituary ode, but, anyhow, here goes:

Farewell, mamma of John and June and Heather,

Who on Dick Foxton's quads.—no matter which—

Enjoyed a hunt in any sort of weather, And scampered over many a fence and ditch.

You waved your wand, and crowds of joyous mortals

Arrived in cars and poured in glad career,

Both men and maidens, through the Escrick portals,

Where waltz and fox-trot music charmed the ear.

You leave us—but let's hope you may have reason

To say good-bye with feelings of regret;

So come and hunt with us another season

If Claude, perchance, has still a flat to let.



LADY SCOTT WITH THE TEDWORTH

Eric Guy

A snapshot taken when these hounds met at Redenham House, Sir Samuel Scott's seat near Andover. Sir Samuel Scott is a former Master of the Grafton



## THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



HIS PLACE IS IN THE HOME!!

## THE PASSING SHOWS

"Bow Bells,"  
at the London Hippodrome

Keys fits all locks. But at the Hippodrome he is wantonly sacrificed on the altar of Beauty.

Mr. John Murray Anderson is the responsible High Priest, and anyone who remembers his *League of Notions* may not be greatly surprised to find laughter playing second fiddle to loveliness. The dresses, settings, and lighting achieve the full measure of bedazzlement. They are charming and in immaculate taste. The mechanical lifts and what-not function with robot regularity. The wings slide on and off without let or hindrance; a dull metal back-cloth changes its pat-

terns like one of those jigsaw advertisement signs; a battery of limelight sweeps down from the circle front and the footlights are no more; a moving slide comes in useful for step-dancers and as a means of precipitating entrances and exits.

If only Messrs. Dion Titheradge, Ronald Jeans and Co. had done their work as well as the machinery all would be well. But the authors have failed to find their best form, and the sketches as a whole lack sting and freshness. I do not blame them, for the revue sketch is as tricky as handling a bomb. It either goes off with a bang or declines to explode. One never knows. "Cutting-In" begins with the American dance-habit of partner-snatching and

## VERSATILITY

Impressions of Miss Binnie Hale as Dick Whittington up to date, a modern Mona Lisa, a Scotch bride and a widow with caramel trouble in a new set of false teeth. Lower down, Miss Hale as an American hussy and in three brilliant impersonations—Yvonne Arnaud, Jessie Matthews, and Jeannette Macdonald

REVUE has had a fair run since those pre-war times when two rival establishments had a race to instal a giant staircase up and down which the chorus ladies precariously pirouetted. Those were the spacious days when Miss Shirley Kellogg trespassed into the Hippodrome stalls via a gang-plank, Miss Ethel Levy boomed out the last word in syncopated ditties, Lew Hearn wheezed his wisecracks under the shadow of Bonita, and people went about humming "The Wedding Glide" and "Get Out or Get Under." At the Alhambra Mr. Robert Hale fanned the flame of burlesque with such delectabilities as "The Musical Watsons," Miss Phyllis Monkman kicked high and often, and Mr. George Robey twirled his cane and lifted his eyebrows with the gusto which he retains to-day.

Revue was the fashion then, and so was the straw hat. It has not suffered so severe an eclipse as the gent's boater, but its formula of song-sketch-dance is not inexhaustible, and it would need enormous ingenuity to add some new element of speed and surprise. Despite the fate of the last revue at the Pavilion, I believe Mr. Cochran was on the right lines in offsetting sophistication with slapstick. If his comics had been Nervo and Knox, the box-office might have told a different story. At any rate, he gave his funny men plenty to do—too much, in fact—and that seems to be a wiser move than paying fat salaries to comedians and giving them thin parts.

Neglect of this kind is the first thought inspired by *Bow Bells*. Mr. Nelson Keys is a fellow of infinite variety and jest. There is a subtle, blasé preciousness in his dry-point thumbnails of dude and dufler which imprison the essence of up-West sophistication—the very stuff to give the stalls. As a mimic and an impersonator of low life, Mr.

ends, as one guessed it would, with a honeymoon. "The Scotch Wedding" is rather less funny than most jokes about Scotch meanness; that, too, has a honeymoon climax. In fact, what revue would do without honeymoon incidents and bowdlerised versions of smoking-room stories I don't know. "Speed" features the business man of to-morrow tearing through the day



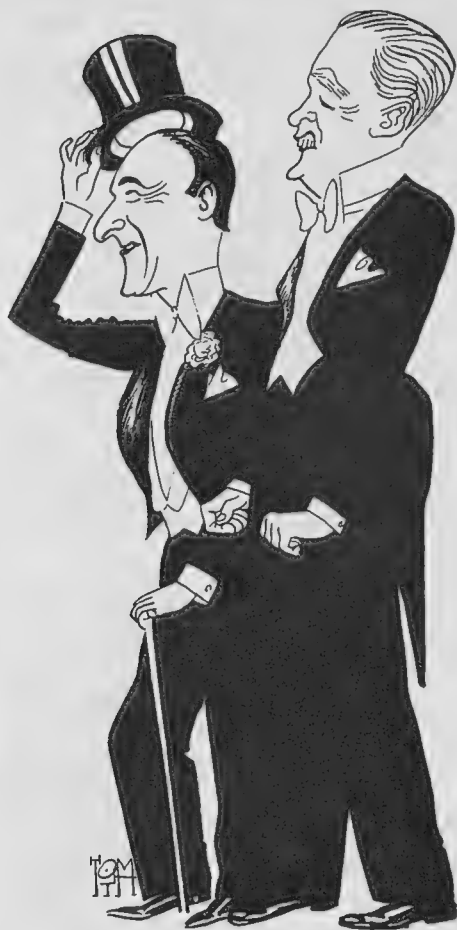
DICK WHITTINGTON—OLD STYLE

Mr. Robert Hale delivers a knock-out blow to the principal boy of yester-year



TOMTITT





## ENTENTE CORDIALE

Mr. André Randall (France) and Mr. Edwin Styles (England) discuss the peculiarities of English as she is spelt but not spoken

ness is evident to anyone who knows what he can do with the right material. As a veteran principal boy, the old Robert finds something of his old form. But what comedian can make bricks without straw? Mr. André Randall, a jolly Frenchman who can be voluble and entertaining in half-a-dozen languages, is better served, but his struggle with the humours of the English language breaks no new ground. Maurice Farkoa sang a song complaining that the plural of house should be hie twenty years ago!

so quickly that he gets home before he started. Mr. Keys didn't appear to think this funny. Neither did I. "The Over-Côte d'Azur" is better, if a trifle unkind to the "Take Your Holidays in Britain" movement. However, no Briton objects to a jibe at the weather. Another sketch is concerned with caramels and false teeth.

Apart from the sketches and the feeling that the only thing worthy of her talents Miss Binnie Hale is called upon to do is a quartette of her imitations, *Bow Bells* has a host of high-lights. Miss Hale's impersonations, done on a turn-table—bed-room one side and dressing-room the other—are brilliant. Miss Yvonne Arnaud, telephoning in bed, is exact; Miss Jessie Matthews, also in bed, is a photographic plate developed in vitriol! When Miss Hale guys a slang-sliding American gold-digger, burlesque wags a lively tail and versatility hands a bouquet to the school of revue where wits are sharpened and genius will out. Mr. Robert Hale's hereditary part in these manifestations of charm and cute-



## MILITARY PRECISION

Some snappy steps by the Wiere Brothers



## GRACE AND ECCENTRICITY

Miss Harriet Hocter, from America, and Mr. Max Wall

These murmurings about the paucity of wit and humour must be excused on the grounds that Mr. Anderson's store of other things both bright and beautiful sets so high a standard that the least falling away elsewhere is perhaps unduly magnified. Yet one can hardly blame the producer if the authors happen to be off-colour. The dancing of Miss Harriet Hocter, from America, is a delight; the ballet version of Oscar Wilde's "The Young King" is beautifully staged, mimed, dressed, and lit; Mr. Herman Rosse's settings and costumes are enchanting; the acrobatic quick-fire dancing of the Wiere Brothers is the essence of slickness; M. Jacques Cartier's Voodoo dance on a giant drum is intriguing; the Lime Trio include the most amazing contortionist; Mr. Max Wall is a humourist as well as an eccentric dancer of the first water; Mr. Edwin Styles, so disarming and intimate, is a perfect compère and no mean performer on the spoons and match-box; Mr. Henry Sullivan's music is tuneful; Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies are as athletic and alluring as ever; Miss Joan Gardner catches the eye; Messrs. Billy Milton, Dennis Cowles, and Tom Stuart, and the Misses Elaine Lettor, Minnie Rayner, and Maudie Francis do stout work; Delsya and Miss Makand, paired with Messrs. Freddie Carpenter (good as the Young King) and Harold Turner, lead the *corps de ballet* with distinction; and the second half is so much better than the first that the bells of *Bow Bells* should peal merrily for many moons.

"TRINCULO."



## ALL BRITISH

Mr. Nelson Keys as the boarding-house keeper on the Over-Côte d'Azur

## PEOPLE WHOM MANY OF US KNOW

MR. BILLIE REARDON AND THE  
PRINCESSE J. DE FAUCIGNY-LUCINGE

THE COUNTESS LICHNOWSKY

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN  
OF HESSE

LADY MILBANKE AND MRS. ALLY MACKINTOSH



MISS BUNTING STEPHENSON



MISS ROSIE DOLLY AND MR. IRVING NETCHER

Although everyone is very busy in this country buying British and staying British, there are, be it marked, some other people in the world besides Great Britons. Amongst the celebrities and otherwise to be seen on this page at St. Moritz are: Miss Rosie Dolly, in an attractive white coat, and her fiancé, Mr. Irving Netcher, who are to be married some time this month. Lady Milbanke is with Mrs. "Ally" Mackintosh on the Palace rink. Lady Milbanke's black peaked cap is very becoming. Mrs. "Ally" Mackintosh, who was formerly Miss Emery of New York, is a sister of Princess Ilyinski, wife of the Grand Duke Dmitri. The Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge is a sister-in-law of Miss Edythe Baker (Mrs. d'Erlanger), as she was formerly Miss Baba d'Erlanger. Countess Lichnowsky was married recently in London to Count Michael Lichnowsky, son of Prince Lichnowsky, the late German Ambassador to London, and is seen on the balcony of her hotel in St. Moritz. Princess Christian of Hesse is an American, and has a son at Eton. Miss Bunting Stephenson is going to aid and abet Miss Nellie Taylor (Mrs. Buckmaster) in her London flower shop. She is a wonderful dancer and was third in a recent contest judged by Lady Louis Mountbatten.



## AT THE ST. MORITZ SKI CLUB



LUNCH TIME: BARONNE DE FABRY, THE DUKE DE SANGRO, MR. BOBBIE NOCHMAN AND MR. AND MRS. LAURENCE AT CORVIGLIA



ON CURZON CUP DAY: M. O. BREYER AND LORD GRIMTHORPE (RIGHT), THE WINNER



BARON AND BARONESS NAPOLEON GOURGAUD ON THE PALACE HOTEL RINK, ST. MORITZ



PRINCESS CARLA BONCOMPAGNI IS ALWAYS VERY SMART



AT THE CRESTA CLUB: PRINCE RENÉ DE BOURBON (RIGHT) AND MR. MARTINEAU

Here is a further record of recent activities on the St. Moritz front. The Duke de Sangro is President of the Corviglia Ski Club, and Mr. Bobbie Nochman is Secretary to this very flourishing concern. Curzon Cup Day is always a great event, though this year M. O. Breyer was the only Swiss rider. Lord Grimthorpe has won the coveted trophy—a most popular victory. Mr. Hubert Martineau and Prince René de Bourbon, who bears a striking likeness to King Alfonso, were also photographed at the Cresta Club. Mr. Martineau is President of the Bobsleigh Club and acted as time-keeper for the Curzon Cup. Baron Napoleon Gourgaud, a famous explorer, photographer and big-game shot, was a great friend of the late Hon. Denys Finch-Hatton, and was with Lord Winchilsea's brother on his last safari. The Gourgauds' jungle "talkie," privately shown to a select few at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, will appear in London and America shortly. Princess Carla Boncompagni is not only a keen sportswoman, but also a pattern of smart suitability in the matter of clothes. Her white bolero jacket and black trousers caused quite a revolution in ski-ing fashions





YVETTE GUILBERT—A CHARACTERISTIC PICTURE

There is only one Yvette in the whole world—and this picture of her was taken at Bad Kissingen. Yvette Guilbert is in a class by herself and has, even to-day, but but little of that espièglerie which made her so famous.

Ball, and the entertainment that takes place, at midnight, on the Silver Bridge (which is swung over the stage), could have been disposed of twice over. M. and Mme. Gaston Doumergue were present at the dinner; they travelled up to Paris specially, having interrupted their long drawn-out honeymoon in the South in order to be present. It was a real joy to see his cheery smile again, and a roaring ovation greeted his arrival. The grand staircase by which the guests ascended to the lobbies and foyers where the tables were laid was a very lovely sight. The balustrades were hung with old tapestries and rich embroideries; there were special illuminations by that Wizard of Light, Jaccopozzi, who invented the flood-lighting that illuminates the monuments of Paris on festive occasions, and the Garde Républicaine, in full uniform, was on duty, lining the stairs on either side.

Other popular personalities who were warmly welcomed were M. and Mme. Pierre Laval and Mam'zel Josette, their daughter; the great surgeon Thierry de Martel; Marshal Lyautey and his wife; M. and Mme. Léon Berard; Mme. Henri Lavedan, who is president of the many children's sanatoria, to raise funds for which the Ball is organised by M. Léon Bailby, who was, of course, the host. He has a charming personality, and he remains so young and slim and upright in appearance that one is always astonished that his thick mane of hair should be so white. He did not show the slightest sign of fatigue, and yet all that afternoon, as well as the day before, he had been present at the

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

THIS year again, Très Cher, and in spite of *la crise*, the *Bal des Petits Lits Blancs* has overstepped the million-franc mark! A wonderful result, when one remembers the times we are traversing and the lack of wealthy visitors in Paris this winter. All the boxes were booked weeks ahead, and the tables for the dinner that precedes the

long rehearsals that such a programme of festivities necessitates.

I have no space to tell you all the notabilities present; they would fill the page; but I must mention a very popular English member of the British Colony—Captain Molyneux, who was entertaining Lady Mendl and the Cole-Porters in his box on the grand tier. We shall be seeing less of him in Paris this spring, however, since in March he is opening a London branch of his Paris house which is to be the exact replica, *en plus petit*, of the famous grey-and-gold premises in the rue Royale. A Molyneux frock was one of the prizes of the lottery drawn during the evening, of which the first prize was a pendant worth 25,000 francs; there were also five automobiles of a well-known make, and one of those ice-making machines without which—*vide* the advertisements—no home is complete!

The good lady who won the first prize was yocked down from her seat in an upper gallery to take possession of the glittering bauble. She was obviously a *brave bourgeoisie* whose ticket represented many economies, and, as such, one would have expected her to be overcome by shyness; but, bless her, she trotted on to the Silver Bridge with all the assurance of a Mistinguett or any other old theatrical campaigner! Probably she was too happy to remember to feel nervous. She had the loveliest smile! I wonder what she will do with that gorgeous piece of jewellery? Wear it once or twice, I expect, show it to all the neighbours, and then sell it to send her son to a good *lycée* or buy her daughter's trousseau. . . . I am sure she was "that kind"!

Appearing on the Silver Bridge is a terrible ordeal to most people, and more than one hardened "bill-topper" has almost collapsed with stage-fright before facing it. Gaby Morley, who is, despite her youth, an *habituée* of the footlights, was in tears before she came on; and Lilian Harvey, the cinema star, not only followed her example, but actually broke down

twice in her song, which her partner, Henri Garat, had to carry on for her. Gaby Morley acted in a witty little sketch written specially for the occasion by Albert Willemetz. She played the rôle of Mlle. Josette Laval, who was supposed to be giving an interview to an American reporter (Koval) during her voyage to the States last year. The big success of the evening went to Marie Dubas, whose gay songs made an immense appeal, and she was obliged, as an encore, to sing "Pedro," a song that she has been singing for the last four or five years and that the public clamours for every time she appears. Miss Florence and her partner, Alvarez, who are having a great vogue at the Embassy, were enthusiastically applauded for their dancing; and Spinelly "spoke" an amusing monologue by Rip. The *corps de ballet* of the Opéra, led by that wonderful Serge Lifar, performed a charming "number" with big white balloons and wearing the classic tulle skirts and tight little bodice of the ballerina. It was really a wonderful evening, and I do wish that, next year, you could come over for it. With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have just learned of the sudden death of our dear Jaccopozzi, whom I have mentioned higher up. I cannot tell you what a blow this is to us in Paris.



LE BAL DES PETITS LITS BLANCS

The corps de ballet of the Paris Opéra on the silver bridge during the entertainment which is the biggest in aid of hospital charities which Paris undertakes. This year, in spite of the financial stringency, the result has topped the million-franc mark—a truly wonderful result, as "Priscilla" says in her reference to this ball in her notes on this page



## A FILM PICTURE GALLERY



A RECRUIT: RUTH HALL AND (BELOW) LILLIAN BOND



GRETA GARBO IN "THE RISE OF HELGA"

The beautiful Swede, Greta Garbo, whom Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are lucky enough to have as a "star," broke all house records recently at the Empire Theatre when *The Rise of Helga* was on, and now they have cast her for the dancer in the film of *Grand Hotel*, which M.G.M. are putting forth. Greta Garbo had a first-class dramatic training before ever she went on the films at all, and was a student of the Royal Dramatic School of Stockholm. She is one of the best and most interesting actresses on the screen. *The Rise of Helga* is a story of the "strong" description, with a heroine of the *Anna Christie* type. Greta Garbo gave us a magnificent performance. Ruth Hall is a pretty recruit whom Warner Brothers have discovered. She is booked for *Manhattan Parade*, amongst other films. Lillian Bond, who is English, is also doing a lot of big contracts with Warner Brothers, and is in a whole raft of their coming productions







MISS SCROPE, LADY DELIA HICKS-BEACH  
AND MR. SCROPE



THE MASTER OF LOVAT AND  
MISS SYBIL PITMAN



MR. R. BLUNT, MISS BLUNT, AND  
SIR JOHN BLUNT



MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY  
AND MR. KINDERSLEY



THE HON. J. PEARSON (ON TRIPLEX) AND MR. J. H. RUSSELL  
(ON CUCHULAIN)



LORD DAVID CRICHTON-STUART  
AND MR. G. MERCER-NAIRNE



## THE OXFORD BULLINGDON 'CHASES

AT LUNCH: MR. COLLINS,  
MISS FOSTER, MR. STANLEY  
AND MISS COLLINS

The Bullingdon Club 'Chases are always full of an interest all their own and are run over a nice bit of country at Somerton in the Bicester country and not far off the Old Berks domain. They always induce an immense enthusiasm and give both the performers and the inevitably large gallery a hatful of fun. The Hon. John Pearson, who is the son and heir of Lord Cowdray, M.F.H., won the Argenti Cup on his own Triplex. The other competitor in the picture looks to be absolutely asking for a fall, and deserves it, at this very obstacle. Mrs. Philip Kindersley, who is in another group, was Miss Oonagh Guinness, and is a daughter of the Hon. Ernest Guinness, a brother of Lord Iveagh. One of her sisters is Lady Dufferin. The Master of Lovat is the Hon. Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat's son and heir; and Lady Delia Hicks-Beach is a sister of Lord St. Aldwyn





*In a Class  
by Itself*





## A MEET OF THE NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS

CONSTANCE, DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER  
LADY MARY GROSVENOR

SIR GEORGE THURSBY speaking to BO  
(Master)

HARRY FRY  
(hound holder)

Sir George Thursby has been Master of the Buck-hounds for many years (since 1911 as a matter of fact), and is also known to fact by his father, the late Sir John Thursby, and "Picton," 1906, owned by Mr. J. L. Dugdale. Sir George Thursby has always "done" their country is the same as the





# OUNDS AT FOUNTAIN COURT, BROOK

FRY  
 "BROCK"  
 (the huntsman)

MR. HEW DALRYMPLE GENERAL COWIE  
 MR. AND MRS. LECHIE MR. HARRY KNIGHT  
 WILLIE FRY LORD  
 (hound holder) (Field Master) NORMANTON

as the most famous gentleman rider of all times; he twice rode the runner-up in the Derby on—"John o' Gaunt," 1904, owned this pack up to the knocker, so to speak, and they are one of the very few in the Three Kingdoms which hunt the wild animal. of the New Forest Fox-hounds



# ABDULLA MAGIC

Virginias  
with the  
Hall Mark  
"Abdulla"



Virginias  
with the  
Hall Mark  
"Abdulla"

## VENUS IN WINTER

'Return, sweet Spring!' cried Venus with ardent yearning,  
'My beautiful doves have died in the ice-bound weather ;  
I gather the folds of my ermine cloak together  
And freeze—though the brazier of human hearts is burning !'

Cupid, the gallant boy, through the white world winging,  
Came with Abdulla's Magic to soothe her sorrow.  
'Breathe this Fragrance!' he pleaded 'And Lo to-morrow  
Flowers will gem the earth and the birds be singing !'

F. R. HOLMES.

## ABDULLA ALSO MAKE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Nº 75 DE LUXE 7½<sup>d</sup> A HUNDRED



# IN THE SWIM AT NASSAU



H.E. THE HON. MRS. B. E. H. CLIFFORD WITH ANNE AND PATRICIA



H.E. CAPTAIN THE HON. B. E. H. CLIFFORD, GOVERNOR OF THE BAHAMAS, WITH HIS DAUGHTER ANNE



IN THE WEST INDIES: MAJOR BOUCH, SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD, MISS SULLY AND THE HON. LADY DE TRAFFORD AT NASSAU

Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, has found great favour this year with the many people who have gone to the West Indies in search of Empire sunshine. The perfect bathing is a big attraction, and Paradise Beach, where this exercise is indulged in, could not have been better named. H.E. Captain the Hon. Bede Clifford, who frequently comes down from Government House, with his wife and two small daughters, for a swim, was appointed Governor and C-in-C. the Bahamas in 1931. He is Lord Clifford of Chudleigh's youngest son, and married an American. Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford have been finding Nassau capital fun, and Major Tommy Bouch, whom Leicestershire used to know so well, has been in the swim too



THE HON. LADY DE TRAFFORD AND HER SMART SEA-SUITING



## FAMOUS MASTERS AND OTHER FOXHUNTERS



Eric Guy

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, M.F.H., AND SOME OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS



Dennis Moss

AT FAIRFORD PARK: MRS. F. W. B. CRIPPS, THE HON W. BATHURST, MRS. KEMBLE, COLONEL PALMER (HOST) AND LORD BATHURST, M.F.H.



WITH THE QUORN: MAJOR GEOFFREY HARBORD AND MRS MILLS FIND THEIR SECOND HORSES AT THE RIGHT MOMENT



Eric Guy

MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER AND HER COUSIN, MISS BERYL BUCKMASTER

Whatever happens during the next six weeks, the season of 1931-2 will long be remembered as one of the best on record. The Warwickshire had good fun from their Sibford fixture and had just broken up their fox after a 75-minutes hunt when the top left-hand picture was taken. Lord Willoughby de Broke was out of action for some weeks with a badly broken ankle, but has now made a good recovery. Miss Beryl Buckmaster and her cousin, Miss Joan Buckmaster (Lady Pearson's daughter), were also out on the Sibford day. When the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's) met at Fairford Park, Colonel A. J. Palmer's home, Will Boore was hunting hounds for the first time since his accident. The Hon. William Bathurst is Lord Bathurst's second son, and Mrs. Cripps is Lady Cromwell's mother. Since Christmas the three Melton packs have provided wonderful sport for their followers, among whom Major "Geof" Harbord is always in evidence





THE HON. MRS. RODERICK WARD  
(Inset) THE HON. RODERICK WARD

Two recent portraits of the Earl of Dudley's second son and his charming wife, who are home on short leave from Kenya and whose many friends are very glad to see them. The Hon. Roderick Ward's Kenya estate rejoices in this address: Ol' Leleshwa, Thomson's Falls, Kenya Colony. The Hon. Mrs. Roderick Ward is a daughter of Lieut.-Col. Marcus Hartigan, of Umvoti, Byfleet, Surrey, and was married in 1928.

*Photographs by Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*

# A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

YOU will have noticed, perhaps, that there were one or two unpleasant "incidents" in the recent Wales v. Scotland match. All Rugby folk were sorry that they occurred, for offences of this kind have not been so frequent lately as they were a few years ago, and it was hoped that the breed of players who were in the

occur in practice about once every hundred years. 'You may remember the candidate who was being examined as to his qualifications to become a referee, and who was asked what his decision would be if, from a drop at goal, the ball alighted on the cross-bar—and remained there. "I should call it a ruddy miracle," was his reply—and he got full marks.

It is merely waste of time to discuss problems of that kind, and, as a matter of fact, there are very few questions arising in play which cannot be solved by an ordinary acquaintance with the laws and an understanding of that much-abused term "the spirit of the game." Much more important than the ability to set, and to answer, Chinese puzzles is the experience which enables the referee to be in the right place, so that he is not left hopelessly behind in a race for the line, or is not hopelessly unsighted as to a forward pass or a knock-on. The latter is, of course, the only possible explanation of some of the extraordinary decisions seen now and then in the most important matches. It would not be difficult to recall several international matches where some error of the kind has affected the actual result. The losing side seldom says much about such things, for fear of being called bad sportsmen, but that doesn't alter the facts. Bad luck, of course, but no one ever suggested any wilful unfairness on the part of an official; such a thing

is, fortunately, unthinkable in Rugby.

The Universities continue their career of defeat, and their followers are beginning to wonder what it is all about. Old University footballers go a lot further, and it might do the authorities at Oxford and Cambridge some good if they could hear some of the comments. It is quite understood that, under the present ridiculous arrangement of playing the big match in December, the Lent term must necessarily be one of experiments, but there is a limit to everything, and some of the players who have appeared in town recently would not get a place in a village side. All this trouble could be avoided by playing the 'Varsity match somewhere about Army v. Navy time. The captains would then have a reasonable chance of trying out the various candidates, people would not come up for an odd term simply for the chance of getting a blue, and the Universities would once more be a power in the Rugby world, instead of, as at present, merely figures of fun.



THE 2nd BATTALION WELCH REGIMENT—AT PINDI

The team and its reserves and officials at Rawal Pindi. The 2nd Welch won the All India Rugby at Calcutta in 1931, beating the 2nd Battalion the Prince of Wales's Volunteers 13 to 3 in the final. The names in the group are (left to right, standing): Pte. Parsell, L-cpl. Talbot, Pte. Bevan, L-cpl. Cornes, L-cpl. Lewis, Pte. Francis, L-cpl. Gatter, Pte. Gatter, Pte. Richards, Pte. Evans. (Left to right, sitting): L-cpl. Williams, L-cpl. Owen, Sergt. Vaughan (coach), Lieut. B. N. Whitty (Capt.), L-cpl. Evans, Pte. Josephs, Lieut. D. L. C. Reynolds. (Left to right, on ground): L-cpl. Long, Pte. Edwards, Pte. Williams, Sergt. Roberts (absent), Pte. Turner, 2nd-Lieut. T. B. Gibbons.

habit of committing them had become extinct. Referees have a difficult job when incidents of this kind crop up. Strictly speaking, their duty is clear—the offending player should be sent off the ground. The trouble is, however, that the man who is detected in the act of striking a blow is very often not the aggressor, he has probably been carried out of himself by extreme provocation. The late and much regretted A. O. Jones, prince of all referees, once saw a famous Colonial captain strike an opponent whilst they were both on the ground. "Jonah" knew his duty as well as anyone, but he also knew his man, and he realised that the tourist could only have acted in this way in exceptional circumstances. So he simply carried on, after a general warning, and later inquiries proved that the Colonial skipper had been grossly ill-treated in a manner which cannot be described here.

There are other instances, but it's no use recalling them now; perhaps this outbreak of violence will fade away. Unfair practices are quite another matter; they do not call for such drastic treatment, and the referee who cannot check them by the means appointed and provided is not worth his salt. The trouble is that many officials do not see these offences for the simple reason that their eyes are glued to the ball. If they would only cultivate the habit of taking a lightning glance round every now and then, they would see a lot of things that at present escape their notice, especially in the matter of off-side play and obstruction. Referees, quite rightly, have their regular meetings to discuss difficult points; quite often articles are written for their especial benefit. Whether these latter are always useful is a matter of some doubt. One series seems to be devoted to picking holes in the laws, and to setting more or less abstruse problems which will only



RICHMOND v. OXFORD UNIVERSITY AT RICHMOND

Richmond beat Oxford University by 8 to 3, two goals (one a penalty) to a try, and were very much superior in the scrum. They were doing the attacking for three-quarters of the way, and some people thought that but for fumbled passes they would have won a bit farther than they did. They were unquestionably the better side



# BUCHANAN'S



BY APPOINTMENT



"BLACK & WHITE"



"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

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# Pictures in the Fire

By  
"SABRETACHE"



AT THE SCHLOSS PLESS

The Princess Lucy of Pless at the family seat in Upper Silesia. The Princess is a daughter-in-law of the Princess Daisy of Pless, who was formerly Miss Cornwallis-West

ugly, everyone has got to produce all sorts of arms—ships, soldiers, tanks, aircraft, and so forth. But if no one is to be allowed to have any ships or soldiers, how is anyone going to produce them at a moment's notice to help in the chastisement of any naughty varlet who may elect to kick up a dust to the detriment of any other member of this National (Very) Liberal Club? And at the moment, and ever since last September, two members of the Club have been pulling one another's noses as hard as they can—and neither the Committee nor any of the ordinary members of the Club have managed to do anything in the way of stopping them.

They say that figures can prove anything. It is not always true, but perhaps a few measurements may help to explain why the Committee of this National Club have found things a bit above their weight. Hong Kong is a bit over 700 sea miles from the area of conflict—it would be almost justifiable to call it the theatre of war—but, of course, officially there is no war; merely a little argument in which two gentlemen are using all the most up-to-date machinery for inhumane slaughter. Singapore is roughly 2000 sea miles from the area of conflict; Manila over 1000; Vladivostok over 1000 miles; besides, that place is now bottled by the experts who have occupied Harbin, the key to Vladivostok's landward communications—and the owners of that seaside resort are unlikely to have forgotten their experiences in the Straits of Tsushima—so boating expeditions would be extremely unpopular; but Nagasaki is only a little over 500 sea miles away. It is the only first-class base for an operation of war on any scale, big or small. All the rest are negligible, merely small observation-posts. Behind all of them lie long and very vulnerable lines of communication and supply. Look east, look west, the problem of prosecuting an operation of war on the grand scale is insuperable, excepting in one case. Only one member of the Club is able to undertake such an adventure, and that member has said very plainly that he means to do that which he set out to do, and that all the

**M**ON DIEU! Tardieu! What a conjurer to have settled this troublesome disarmament business even before any of the nice peaceful gentlemen at Geneva have begun to see light! Whilst all this time everyone else has been thinking that the affair was difficult, and, in fact, almost impossible, it has been really quite simple. Disarm all the nations, but arm the League of Nations. What this means is this: that no one is to have any arms or ammunition, but the moment anyone shows

other members would be well advised if they minded their own business. To attempt to butt in without the means to butt would be just about as futile as expecting to beat Grakle, or whatever else wins the National, on a seaside donkey.

Herr Guhring, the most recent client of Signor Carnera, must have been born under a lucky star; for after five rounds, in which he never managed to touch the Signor once, whilst he himself was deeply touched (on the nose and elsewhere) many times, he slipped and sprained a foot—so it is related—and was—reluctantly, as we must suppose—"compelled to retire." In the cases of the majority of the gentlemen who have a little causerie with Primo, it has been a case of "Seconds out"—and then one of the principals hurtles through the ropes and hits someone who has paid a lot of money to see a fight. And yet some people have the effrontery to say that Italy's Big Boy is no good really—merely a person who hits. The big idea of the box-fight, so far as some of us have managed to gather, is to do that same whilst preventing the other cove from hitting us. Because Primo has brought this to a high pitch of perfection, they deny that he is a real prize-fighter, and keep on throwing his bananas and his two dozen breakfast eggs, plus his two or three pounds of breakfast sausages, in his face. This is not cricket—or even good Aunt Sally. Find someone who will not do a Peter Pan act out of the nearest window to the ring, and then be rude to our little Carnera—but, *corpo di Baccho*, not till then!

## OUR SUPPLEMENT.

A "portrait" of a great Bohemian, Mr. Harry Preston, is presented with this issue. Not to know Harry Preston is to argue yourself unknown. Harry Preston's fine efforts on behalf of the Royal Sussex Hospital, and the sums which he has raised for it by the numerous boxing competitions he has organised, are well known.



AND ALSO AT PLESS

The Princess Louise Schönborn, who is of the Mediatized Sovereign House of Schönborn, which descends from Gerhard I. of Schönborn, 1305



Mlle. KARSAVINA AND M. FELIX DEMEREY  
AT ADELINE GENÉE'S AT-HOME

Madame Adeline Genée, the world-famous ballet dancer, who in private life is Mrs. Frank Isitt, gave an at-home at her Regent's Park residence last week to discuss the work of the Association of Operatic Dancing of Great Britain, of which Madame Genée is President



# THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



## FEBRUARY, 1932

16th to 29th inclusive.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 16th <b>Racing.</b> Birmingham.   | 24th <b>Fencing.</b> Ladies' Foil Championship begins.                             |
| 17th <b>Racing.</b> Newbury and Sedgefield.   | <b>Racing.</b> Lingfield Park.   |
| <b>Coursing.</b> Aylesbury and Isle of Thanet   | <b>Coursing.</b> Border Club (Wooler) and Isle of Ely.                             |
| 18th <b>Racing.</b> Newbury.  | 25th <b>Racing.</b> Lingfield Park and Taunton.                                    |
| <b>Coursing.</b> North Herts and Dorchester.  | <b>Coursing.</b> Border Club (Wooler), Alresford and Brean Berrow Club.            |
| 19th <b>Fencing.</b> Oxford U. v. Cambridge U. (London Fencing Club).                                     | 26th <b>Racing.</b> Kempton Park, Manchester and Aldershot Military.               |
| <b>Racing.</b> Gatwick.   | 27th <b>Rugby.</b> Scotland v. Ireland (Edinburgh).                                |
| <b>Coursing.</b> Dorchester.  | <b>Football.</b> 6th round, F.A. Cup.  |
| <b>Athletics.</b> Cross Country England v. France (Ladies) Leamington Spa.                                | <b>Hockey.</b> Ireland v. Wales (Belfast).   |
| 20th <b>Racing.</b> Gatwick and Metropolitan (Baldoye).   | <b>Athletics.</b> Southern, Northern and Midland Cross Country Championships.      |
| 22nd <b>Racing.</b> Derby.  | <b>Racing.</b> Kempton Park, Manchester and Aldershot Military.                    |
| <b>Coursing.</b> Beccles Club.  | 29th <b>Badminton.</b> All England Championships begin (Royal Horticultural Hall). |
| 23rd <b>Shows.</b> Shire Horse Soc. (R. Agricul. Hall) opens. Royal Ulster Agric. Soc. Spring Show opens. | <b>Racing.</b> Shirley.  |
| <b>Racing.</b> Derby Steeplechases.   |  |
| <b>Coursing.</b> Huntingdon Club.   |  |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

# Bubble and Squeak

THE little girl had paid strict attention throughout the lesson, scarcely taking her eyes off the school-master. At the end he said, "Now, Joan, I'm sure you have something interesting to tell us. What is it?"

Joan replied shyly, "Please, Sir, do you know you are wearing odd socks?"

\* \* \*

Judge: "Have you ever seen the prisoner at the Bar?"  
Witness: "Yes, that's where I met him."

\* \* \*

THE absent-minded professor returned to his home one evening soaked to the skin.

"Didn't you have your umbrella?" asked his wife.

"No, my dear," he replied; "evidently I forgot to take it."

"How did you come to discover that you hadn't got it?"

"Well," rejoined the professor, "I wouldn't have missed it, only when it stopped raining once I raised my hand to shut the umbrella."

\* \* \*

IN a Midland town, the town hall provides office-room for several public officials, among them the police-surgeon, to whom candidates for the force go for medical examination. One day a young fellow presented himself at the surgeon's office. He was told to strip to the waist.

"What's that?" said the man.

"Strip!" repeated the doctor sharply.

He complied, and was duly measured, punched and pounded.

"Skip over that chair," said the surgeon.

The man did so, and barked his shins. He was getting indignant.

"Touch the floor! Now run round and let me test your heart and wind," said the surgeon.

The candidate exploded. "I'm hanged if I will!" he roared. "I'd rather stay single."

He had strayed into the wrong room. The registrar's office was on the other side of the corridor.



THE BEAUTIFUL "CHITA"

Paul Tanqueray

Who has recently been dancing at the Savoy Cabaret, where she created a sensation and had a tremendous success. Chita first electrified London by her acrobatic dancing in "Ever Green" the spectacular Cochran production at the Adelphi, where she and Carlos, her partner, gave a marvellous and daring display



"PORTRAIT OF MADEMOISELLE CAMARGO DANCING." BY LANCRET

One of the pictures in the Exhibition of French Art at the Royal Academy was lent by Mr. Andrew Mellon, the recently appointed American Ambassador to St. James's, and is of particular interest in connection with The Camargo Society's second production, which is to take place at the Savoy Theatre on 28th and 29th February, when Mme. Karsavina and Mme. Lopokova will both appear. The principal work in the programme is "The Lord of Burleigh," which, on the occasion of its production at the "Midnight Ballet Party," in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, in December, was seen by the Prince of Wales and Prince George. Permission to reproduce the above picture was obtained from the Topical Press. The Camargo Society for the production of ballet takes its name from the famous La Camargo, a dancer born in 1710. Her real name was Marie Anne Cuffi. Madame Tamara Karsavina is Vice-President of the Society

A caddie remonstrated with his "man," a tremendous swiper, who was, however, topping his ball badly, hitting with sledge-hammer force and making his ball take kangaroo leaps along the green.

"Gute sakes, gie the ba' a chance; ye dinna gie it time tae think; ye jest dingle its brains oot."

\* \* \*

It was past midnight, and her husband had not come home. She felt she could endure the suspense no longer, so she called up his club on the telephone.

"Hallo," she asked, "is my husband there?"

"No, Ma'am," answered the steward.

"But you don't know who I am!" she snapped back. The steward gave a deep sigh. "I know, Ma'am," he replied, "but nobody's husband ain't ever here."

\* \* \*

Jones was confiding to a friend that he found grammar very ticklish. "For instance," he said, "I never can remember whether to say 'It is I' or 'It is me.'"

"I can give you a good rule on that," returned his friend. "Just say over to yourself this rhyme: 'It is I,' said the spider to the fly, and there you are."

A few days later the two men met again, and Jones was asked if the rule had helped.

"Well, it would have," replied Jones, "but for one thing. I couldn't for the life of me remember if your rhyme was 'It is I,' said the spider to the fly, or 'It is me,' said the spider to the flea."



# THE GOSSARD *Line of Beauty-*



## THESE *slim,* YOUTHFUL *lines*

CAN BE YOURS FROM NOW ON

IN an age of youth Gossards achieve for the wearer new lines which combat age. They give positive protection against figure-imperfections, moulding the contours into exquisite proportions to suit the fashion of the moment.

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MODEL 3654.—GOSSARD Combination of peach fancy batiste. Lace bust sections and frill. Low back. A dainty garment for slender to average figures. Sizes 32 to 38 (bust measurement, even only).

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THE BRITISH H. W. GOSSARD CO. LTD., 168, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. (*Wholesale only.*)

# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON



THE DINNER AND CABARET AT THE JUNIOR NAVAL AND MILITARY

The Junior Naval and Military is the first club in history of its own class to have a cabaret show after a house dinner, and it is probably a sign of the times in which we live that this should have been possible, for the London club is one of the most conservative institutions in the wide world. The complete list of names has not been sent with the picture, but amongst those in it, left to right, at the back are: Commander Fowle, Colonel Halford, Captain Murray-Wood, Captain Melitus, Colonel Clark, Commander Stevenson, Captain Blair, Major Cadbury-Brown, and in the front of the picture Colonel McClintock, Captain Kennedy, and Colonel Fraser

## And Why Not?

I AM not quite sure what significance the modern interpreter of dreams attaches to motor-cars, but I hope it is a nice one, for (though I do not often dream, unless it is to get some quite appalling nightmare) I have done many thousands of most jolly and highly inexpensive miles in my sleep. Always this motoring is entirely agreeable; there are no punctures, mountain roads are not subject to landslides. I never have to soil my hands with the tool-kit, and, what makes this sort of touring even nicer than that of real life, is that other people religiously stick to the proper side of the road. Only once can I remember that my dream was not wholly pleasant, and that was when, after a very fast and strenuous run of some four hundred miles, I fell fast asleep in a chair . . . and went on driving, on and on and on. But the other night I indulged myself in something different, and, if you please, I was a manufacturer of motor-bodies upon an enormous, nay, unprecedented scale. My wealth was beyond computation, for I had successfully put *all* other body-builders, both at home and abroad, completely out of business. This desirable end had been achieved by reason of a very gallant and coruscating invention of my own. I am now putting this on record so that if somebody does discover the secret, and actually produce my special material, I shall be able to turn up this note and claim that he has simply pinched my idea. In my dream, I need hardly say, it was patented all over the world. The scheme was very beautiful, even very perfect. The whole of a saloon body, scuttle, roof, framework, pillars, and so forth, was made in one single piece, of a stuff rather like that "Beatl" that pic-nic cups are composed of. It was very light in weight, fireproof, incapable of rattling, and so elastic that if a panel received a biff it would spring back into normal shape. Also the stuff was any colour you liked to make it all the way through, and I had some very pleasing mottled and

squizing effects, for no cellulosing or anything of that kind was required. One great advantage was that the wings, stays, and all were of a piece, and they had to be hit very hard to receive any permanent damage. This stuff was initially semi-liquid, and, hot, it was poured under pressure into suitable moulds, when it very quickly solidified. It could be easily melted down, and my concern did quite a thriving

trade by buying up its old bodies and consigning them to the pot. For bonnets, wings, panels, and so on we used new paste, but the recovered stuff was quite good enough for floor boards, running boards, instrument panels, etc. Already there were a number of experimental cars running with colloid wheels, and some of my technicians were talking of adapting the special material to such things as cylinder blocks, back-axes, and various other components that had previously been made of metal, by comparison with which our stuff was not only cheaper but so much lighter that on body-work alone we reckoned to save several hundred-weight. Everybody was very keen on this point because there were light signals all over the place, in the country as well as in the town, and cars were so constantly having to stop and restart that everybody appreciated the virtue of lightness. (That in itself is enough to assure you that it was a dream!) And everything was going most swimmingly, the huge place a hive of industry, and I was escorting a party of distinguished Press folk round it, and apologizing for the fact that it was only on exceptionally clear days that you could see one end of the shops from the other. Oh, yes, I was very proud of myself, and I should have been prouder still if, when I woke up, I could have recalled the ingredients of my wonderful composition. Idiot that I was not to have brought that formula out of the Land of Nod. But never mind; it was pleasant enough just for a few fractions of a second to be a sort of Henry Ford, Sir William Morris, Sir Percival Perry, Sir Herbert Austin, Charles F. Kettering, and many other

(Continued on p. xii)



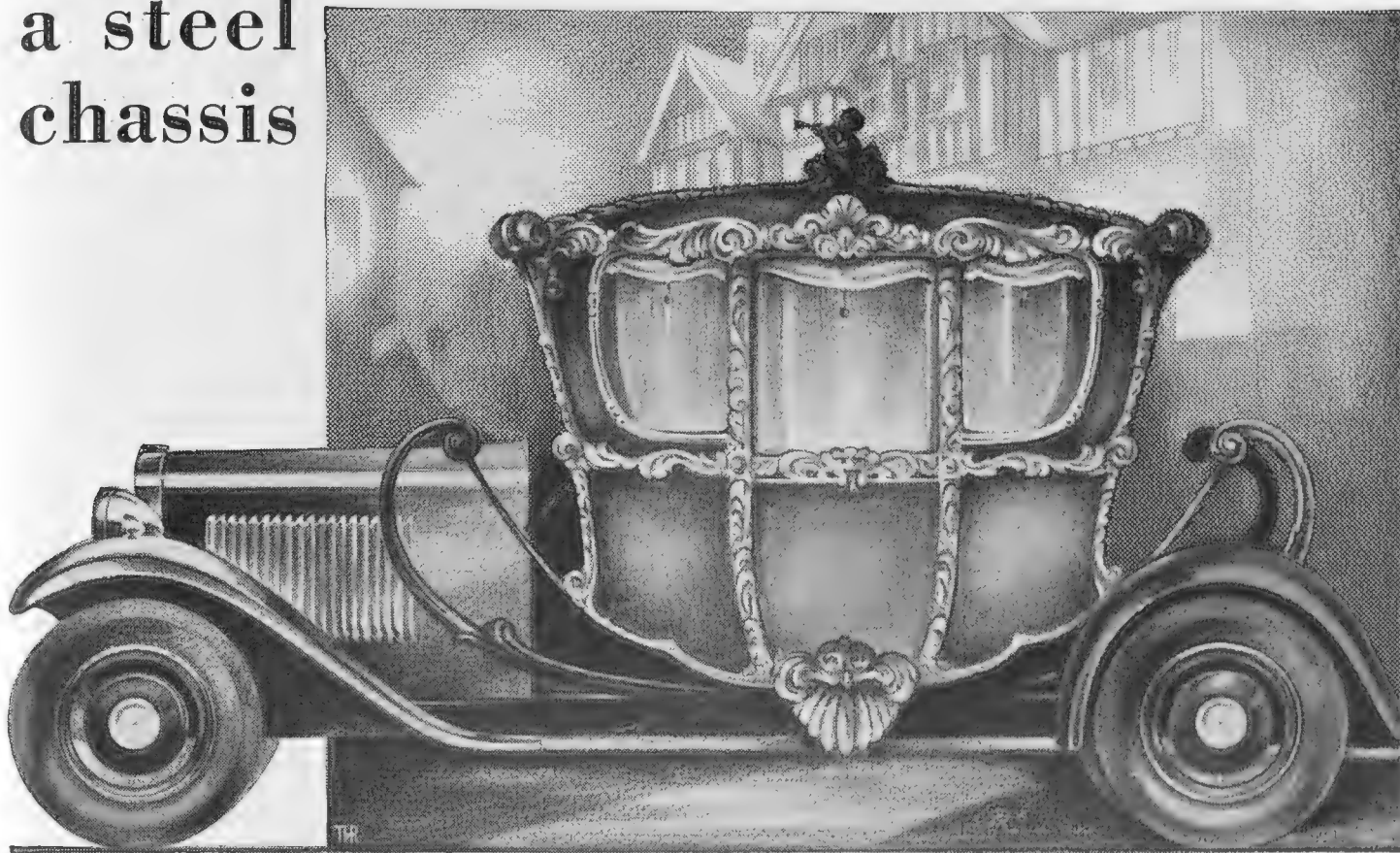
REAR-ADMIRAL BASIL BROOKE AND  
HIS SON BASIL

Admiral Basil Brooke, C.V.O., R.N., first joined the Navy in 1892, and in the third year of the war he rose to captain's rank, and retired as a rear-admiral in 1927. Admiral Brooke has been Equerry and Comptroller to H.R.H. the Duke of York since 1924

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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a modern "one-piece" car?



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A P·S·C-built body consists of four main units of pressed steel welded into one . . . light but very strong. This body is fixed direct to the chassis so that body and chassis are unified. In this P·S·C 'one-piece' construction, chassis and body-frame and body itself are all one and all-steel. Without costing any more a P·S·C Pressed Steel body adds a great deal to the comfort, appearance and safety of your car. Ask about P·S·C when you buy your new car. Ask if the body is of P·S·C Pressed Steel—*made on the P·S·C 'one-piece' principle.*

THE PRESSED STEEL  
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THINGS are beginning to move in the golfing world. Once delegates have said their say at the annual meeting the cackle is cut and we get to the 'osses. Of course there was a good deal said; nobody expects a couple of hundred women to forgather and then to sit silent. Besides it is infinitely better to bring any questions or complaints out into the open, rather than to tell your neighbour only about it confidentially in an aside. (Incidentally the latter is a method not a little destructive of the neighbour's chance of hearing what other people are saying to the chairman, and is therefore not to be commended on any sort of grounds.)

But the world can still go on its way after the 1932 annual meeting of the L.G.U., for no foundations have



Sisters: Mrs. Raymond Cooper (Cheshire) and Miss Judith Fowler (Yorkshire). Not content with playing good golf, Miss Fowler also breeds sable rabbits, and has a champion to her credit



Mrs. Fisher (right) and Miss Dodo Butler were respectively runner-up and semi-finalist in last year's Kent championship, won by Miss Wanda Morgan

been shaken, and though it appeared on the balance sheet that there was a small deficit on the year's working, it is assumed that there is still plenty in hand for many a long day to come. Readers must forgive me if information is a little scant on the subject; it is a time-honoured custom to send the Press out of the room whilst questions of finance are discussed, and it would therefore be highly unbecoming for that Press to retail all that it is told by every delegate as soon as the meeting is over. What the private ear hears the Press pen must not disclose. But perhaps it would betray no secrets to say that there is not the slightest anxiety over that little deficit, that it was most reasonably accounted for and will not occur again. So much even the blindest of Press can deduce for herself from the public figures without listening to what anybody told her in private.

Apart from the L.G.U. meeting, county second teams are getting to work in the South, no doubt making the most of the

## Eve at Golf

By  
ELEANOR E. HELME

anti-cyclone before "rather colder" turns to "some snow." Kent II have beaten Surrey II once, and Herts II have beaten Berks II twice, although Miss Horsburgh did nobly at the top of Berks with a 19th and last green wins from Mrs. Bott, who won "Britannia and Eve's" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh last year. Miss Horsburgh has only just emerged from the ranks of the Girls' Championship, and so is emphatically one of the players who ought to be seen in county second teams. We have been told before that these should be crèches for the young rather than homes of rest for the aged, and Yorkshire, in fact, are giving a really good lead in the matter by calling their second county team this year "Junior" instead of "Second."

The wise captain, with a little gentle admonition from the captain of the first, looks on her side as young saplings to be trained for the blasts of publicity and tough fighting which will rage round them when they progress to the first. Who wins does not so greatly matter, the main thing is to give experience to the youngsters and to see how they are shaping. Nobody can get very thrilled over whether players who have been discarded by the first team can, or cannot, win for the second. It is not only the Prince of Wales and Dean Inge who feel that the young are the important people to-day; every county captain will tell you the same. Since importance means mostly responsibility and hard work, none of the young need feel swollen-headed about the matter.

Fixtures are being announced fast and furiously. "The Bystander" trophy, the most important of all the lady-cum-pro competitions of the year is to take place at Addington Palace on Wednesday, March 23, and speculation is rife over who will play for

that club with Fred Robson. He ought to make an ideal partner. Then everybody wants to see this latest addition to Surrey courses, of which accounts glow with all the colours of the rainbow.

Then the date and place of the County Finals and English Championship is at last announced, Royal Ashdown Forest for both of them, County Fina's on Thursday and Friday, September 22 and 23, and the English Championship beginning on the following Monday. Of course there are vast rejoicings that County Finals are not to languish alone again in some unsuitable week in July, and if nobody can help feeling sympathy for Yorkshire, who were robbed of County Finals in their midst last year by that trial trip of summer finals, everybody will be glad that anything so unpopular is not to be repeated.

As for Ashdown Forest, I have a weak spot for Ashdown; in fact, it is one of those places where I am tempted to become lyrical and enthusiastic in fashion not considered seemly for reputable reporters. Somehow there are always lambs and catkins and pleasant birds and enchanting wild flowers about when I go down to Ashdown, so that . . . However, by the end of September lambs will have grown into quite prosaic sheep, and catkins will be over, and I shall have had six months hard labour to subdue any lyrical aspirations. Perhaps it will be possible to concentrate on cut-and-dried problems of how to play the island hole or tackle the heather. But I'll be bound I shall still discover a blackberry, or a bit of bracken turning colour. I refuse to be taken to the heart of Sussex and not find something worth looking at besides a hundred people trying to play golf. Just as the inexorable printer demands this page, comes authentic news of how Miss Kathleen Macdonald won the Championship of India. It must wait as a tit-bit for next week.



Ladies in Waiting: Miss Carrick and Mrs. V. G. Davies, both of Sussex. Miss Carrick was one of the discoveries of 1931



# NICOLLS

## knock the town

## SIDEWAYS

» If you want to be thrilled by 1932 clothes come to Nicolls Tweed Week beginning on Monday, February 15th. Never have so many beautiful British fabrics been gathered together! Never have Nicoll's famous cutters been so inspired!

» There are suits with square-cut boyish shoulders and slim, boyish waists. With glengarryish jackets and wonderfully gored skirts. Classic tailor-mades with sheer linen waistcoats. Imagine how joyously smart you'd feel in 202, 303 or 404. The last is a Nicoll-Schiaparelli made in the new rough feather-weight tweed.

» There are coats, too, cut like a cavalry colonel's, broad-shouldered, slender-hipped and dashing. 505 — inspired by O'Rossen — is **the** undefeated model for Spring in fine, rough wool.

» And frocks with long, plastic lines. 606 (Nicoll-Bruyère) of soft, canvas-woven tweed, is a symphony in cut, with a bodice, which by some miracle, double-crosses the skirt and merges into an open-work spotted scarf.

» Also a number of distinguished things for the older woman — 707 for instance — designed to modify too-exuberant curves, and yet be all that's smart.

» You can have any model shown in Tweed Week copied for you — choosing your material from the glorious new tweeds. Prices start as low as 5 guineas. And the man who does the fitting does the making!

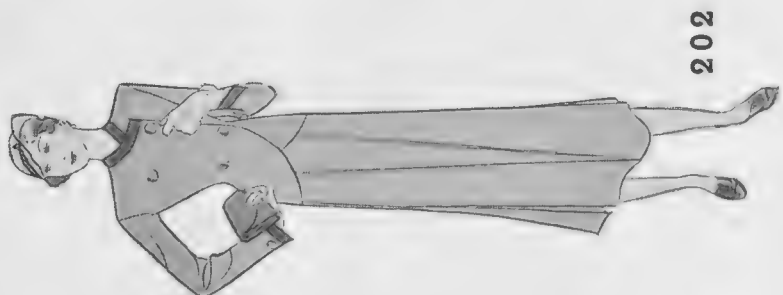
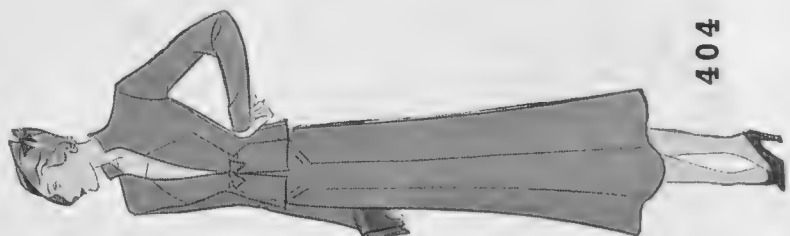
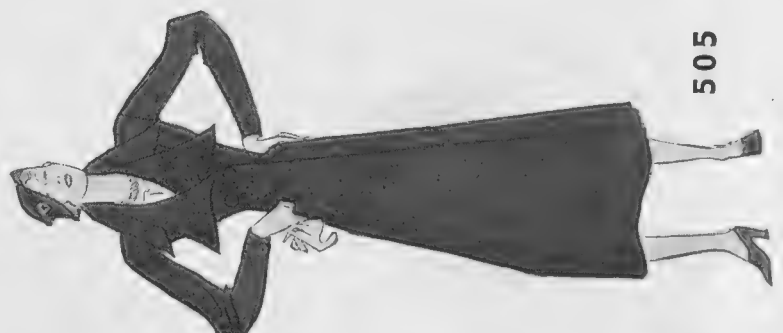
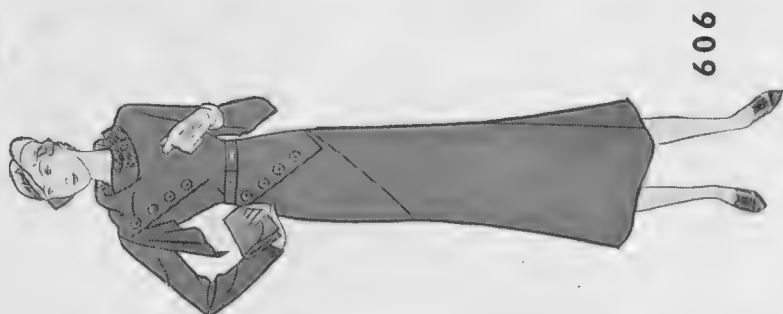
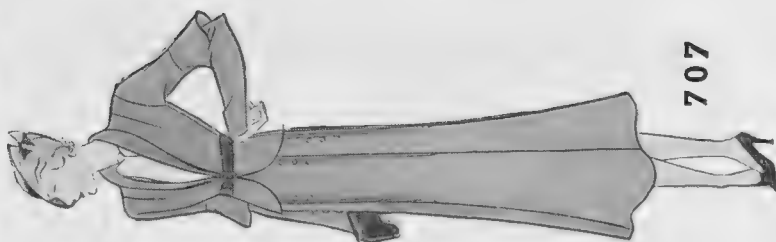
» If you live out of town, write for patterns. If not — beg, borrow or make the time to visit Nicolls during the great Week!

**TWEED WEEK—February 15th to the 20th**

# NICOLLS

## OF REGENT STREET

» H. J. NICOLL & CO., LTD., 114-120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. TELEPHONE REGENT 1951.



# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

of the valley leaf-green. She has on several occasions worn a georgette frock of this shade with a floating panel at the back. Another devotee of this tint for evening wear is the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Borwick; she likes the gauged corsage and softly-draped skirt.

## A Touch of Pink.

A mong Fashion's whims that has been adopted by Lady Acworth is a touch of colour on a black dress. In a black georgette evening dress she has introduced her personality in the cleverest manner possible. The corsage crosses over and is reinforced with a fine black lace vest; the skirt is arranged in organ-pleats, coral motifs appearing on the skirt and on the shoulder.

## The Car and the Coat.

She was tall, and she was fair, and she owned a cream-coloured car, and when she entered the Ritz she was the cynosure of all eyes. Her coat was made of a long-haired fur that suggested

(Continued on p. iv)



*Matita uses a new wool fabric for this suit, in which the becoming traits of a jumper and coat are present. The border of the vest is carried over the shoulders and loosely knotted at the back, while the skirt has a tablier motif. (See p. iv)*

*Walpoles interpret Paris fashions in this simple frock of a new wool fabric (on left). The buttons at the back, half collar drapery, and cuffs are new. (See p. iv)*

## The "Bay of Discay."

THERE is really something in a name. When the new mode of hair-dressing was known as the "windblown" it did not arouse much enthusiasm. Now that it has changed its name to the "Bay of Biscay" it is being warmly applauded. There is supposed to be an analogy between the unruly waves of the Bay and the wisps of hair which, with artistic negligence, stray on to the temples and over the ears. Among those who have adopted this style are Miss Rose Bingham, the Duchess of Westminster, and Lady Sibell Lygon in a modified form. By the way, Baroness Beaumont was seen recently with her hair arranged with a door-knocker effect; it suited her admirably although to the majority it would be the reverse of becoming. Miss Wareham at a recent important function appeared with her hair parted in the centre; there were no waves present, but there was an enormous chignon at the back. She wore a dress of white chifon with puffed sleeves.

## An Old-World Air

Princess Arthur of Connaught is very fond of dresses of the semi-picture genre with full skirts and old-world corsages. She regards black with favour, also lily





# from 8½ guineas . . . .



SCOTCH HOMESPUN in a checked design is very smart for Spring. This jacket is single-breasted with novel "duplex" pockets. The skirt has a series of box pleats. In brown and fawn. Can also be copied in Oxford grey and blue suitings. **8½ gns.**

Dress with detachable cape of Canvolaine. Delightful outfit for the first warm days or for wear under a fur coat now. The tie and cuffs are of chenille lace. In beige, brown, Patou green, Italian tile, Daffodil yellow, Helen's blue. Made to order **12½ gns.**

SCOTCH HOMESPUN in a bird's eye design is the basis of this tailor-made's chic. The "panel" skirt is finished with inverted pleats, and the jacket is cut-away with corresponding pockets. In a few good Spring colours, as well as Oxford grey and Oxford blue suitings. To order **8½ gns.**

## SPRING'S PRICE

for being

## PERFECTLY

## TAILORED

At Marshall & Snelgrove's being **exclusively tailored** means—having the right "cut"—the correct "line"—specially chosen materials—and supreme workmanship! These virtues are indeed the essence of true chic and throughout this Spring Season they are yours for the timely price of 8½ gns.

Don't return home tired and hungry after a day's shopping. Our Restaurant on the 3rd floor offers unexcelled service and daintily prepared luncheons or teas in restful surroundings at moderate prices.

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# London Becomes More Inventive This Season

Natural and artificial flowers have very important rôles to play. Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street, used natural flowers and foliage for this Spring bridesmaid's cape and hat. To-day they are repeating this conceit in artificial flowers — primroses, daffodils, and forget-me-nots taking the place of the lilies of the valley. They are having ostrich feathers dyed to match the frock, and florists are mixing these with the flowers which compose bridal and other bouquets



Models, Fenwick



Pictures by Blake

The pelerine or tippet is an accessory that has met with an enthusiastic welcome. Chaucer discussed it in his writings, and it was very modish towards the end of the eighteenth century. Fenwick's of Bond Street are making them of brown and black ponyskin, two versions of which are pictured on this page. And the cost is particularly pleasant, 49s. 6d. A bunch of English violets mixed with snowdrops will increase the charm of the one on the right. Artificial flowers will last much longer if they are lightly dusted with a camel-hair brush after they have been worn and then placed before an electric fire



# BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE . W.2 : : PARK 1200

## SPECIAL BETWEEN-SEASONS PRICES

DEFINITELY END  
SATURDAY 27th  
FEBRUARY



THE TAILOR SUIT shown above is designed in very fine herringbone Suiting, Coat lined Silk.  
MADE TO ORDER 9½ GNS.  
Small extra charge for waistcoat, and also for large sizes.

ENTIRELY NEW MODELS for all occasions are being displayed at Chepstow Place, and a visit will quickly convince you that for style, quality of materials and workmanship, combined with moderate prices, you cannot do better than buy at Bradleys.



Many very smart and attractive Knitted Suits may be seen in Bradleys' Salons. This is a diagonal Knitted Two-Piece, with coat-and-skirt effect. In red/beige, brown/beige, blue/beige, green/beige. Sizes 36, 38 and 40.

£4 19s. 6d.

**Bradleys**  
Chepstow Place<sup>L</sup>  
London W.2.  
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

goat; it was the same shade as her car. A silken cord, similar to those used for bell-ropes in the olden days, was tightly twisted round her waist. Her skull-cap matched her coat, her stockings and shoes being a delicate biscuit shade, the latter finished with black square toe-caps. Lady Juliet Duff-Gordon has adopted the skull-cap, and wears it at a very becoming angle, its sole ornament being a diamond brooch. The vogue for pulling off the hat at lunch is just now very pronounced. By the way, Lady Diana Wellesley more often than not wears artificial flowers of the same shade as her frock.

### The Neat Lingerie Touch.

The neat lingerie touch is a conceit that has been adopted by Miss Marie Tempest with a black frock noteworthy on account of its sophisticated simplicity; the neckline cut in a V, she wears a narrow turn-over collar of embroidery; she, however, completely reverses the demure atmosphere created by it with a black béret decorated with feather fantasy set at an amusing angle; and her coat is of the clearest grey squirrel imaginable. Miss Jean de Casalis likes the béret that is almost a skull-cap; with it she wears a black coat with a cape collar of natural-blue fox—a fur that this season is among the "precious": it takes precedence of silver fox.

### Matita Fashions.

There is always something that is different about the fashions for in and out of town wear that bear the name of Matita. They are available to suit the state of all exchequers, and are found in exclusive salons. Should difficulty be experienced in seeing the newest versions of the same, application must be made to Matita, 124, Great Portland Street, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. Two views of one of their new spring models is seen on p. 294—in it are present the most becoming features of a jumper and a coat. The vest is of crêpe de chine, the border being carried round to the back, where it is loosely knotted. Attention must be drawn to the tablier effect on the skirt which is decidedly original. It is one of those suits whose innate charm must be seen to be appreciated. Another desirable dress is expressed in one of the new diagonal weaves of a lovely poppy-pink shade, the skirt wrapped over. The coat was not quite a monkey, neither was it an Eton.

### Graceful Frocks in British Fabrics.

As the days lengthen so does women's hunger increase for something new. In order to appease this craving the best thing to do is to visit Walpoles, 89, New Bond Street, W.; they

are responsible for the dress sketched on the right of p. 294. Two views are given of it. It is carried out in a new wool fabric with buttons down the back and a narrow belt, and as will be seen the white collar or drapery is on one side only, passing through a slot at the back, the cuffs being of the gauntlet character. And of this dress one may become the possessor for £6 6s. There are other frocks of crêpe graffe with neat collar and cuffs for 59s. 6d. And, of course, a feature is made in these salons of satin and other blouses with and without basques, and more often than not sleeves are

conspicuous by their absence. It is indeed capital news that this firm has opened a millinery department, as it is an immense advantage to be able to choose a hat at the same time as a dress.

### Six Guineas.

Absolutely right for in between-season is a black wool lace evening dress to be seen in Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., inexpensive dress department, for six guineas. The wool lace is made in England and is most attractive. The dress itself is cut on almost princess lines, and in accordance with fashion's latest whim is slightly stiffened as the hem is neared. The coatee has long sleeves with a butterfly wing drapery, one side of which is attached to the under-arm seams and the other to the tight-fitting sleeves.

### Ensembles that are Different.

Every Spring Jay's, Regent Street, create a special ensemble that arouses the greatest interest among the readers of THE TATLER; the one portrayed on this page is to be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor, the dress and coat complete is 19½ guineas, it is carried out in a new wool fabric showing a diagonal weave. As will be

Models, Jay's

Pictures by Blake

This ensemble is made of a new wool fabric and may be seen in Jay's, Regent Street, W., ready-to-wear department, on the second floor; it is available in grey and black; the dress is belted, while the coat has a fur collar; the pipings have a slimming effect

seen the front of the dress is arranged to suggest the back of an apron, touches of green being introduced at the neckline. The skirt has a cleverly shaped yoke piped at the base, subsequently inverted pleats appear. As will be seen the coat has a fur collar, it is tied at one side, pipings being introduced to have a slimming effect.

### A New Department.

This week Jay's have opened a department where admirably tailored coats are available from 98s. 6d. to 9½ guineas, the value offered is quite unprecedented.





# EYES

Let me  
Roll away  
the years  
from your  
Eyes!!!

Your  
Eyes are the  
Speedometers  
of your  
Age



Natural beauty is a frailty. It relies on the cunning art of the specialist to defy the exactitudes of time, and your eyes are invariably the first to show the truth. Sagging, lifeless skin, "whites" that are not, lashes that droop through lack of lustre—they are but a few of the all-revealing signs. Let the wonderful treatment of Eleanor Adair for tired, lined eyes give you new hope, new personality and a buoyant charm.

A Spagnette Mask treatment is highly recommended at this time of the year. It frees the skin of all impurities, leaving it delightfully fresh and beautiful.

#### GANESH CHIN STRAP

Keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep, also removes double chins.

10/6, 15/6 and 21/6

#### EASTERN MUSCLE OIL

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck.

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#### DIABLE SKIN TONIC

Tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores, and ensures a complexion of finest texture: is a soothing wash for the eyes.

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Is a well-known doctor's prescription. It cools and whitens the most irritable skin, making it look soft and fair; made up in different shades to suit all skins. Can be used as a liquid powder.

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Will remove lines and the jaded appearance from the eyes. Most soothing and restful. Box containing dozen 10/6

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Nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins.

2/- and 5/-

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Inexpensive  
Attractive  
Smart....  
from  
the Newest  
Spring Models



Ratine is the new feature of this practical Hat suitable for sports or town wear— attractively finished petersham in self or contrasting shade. In black, nigger, yacht blue, navy, green, red or beige ... 39/6



Breton sailor in the new Felt and Straw mixture—smartly poised with quill to accentuate side line. In black, navy, dark red, green and blue ... 49/6

★ ★ ★

Felt of British make attractively worked with petersham, forms this Hat of becoming lines in black, navy, light navy, nigger, marron, beaver, beige, wine, red, green, and new blue 35/9

## Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS MARGARET PORTER

Who is to marry Mr. George Discombe, the son of the late Mr. G. W. Discombe and Mrs. Discombe of Teddington, is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Porter of New Malden, Surrey.

## In the Spring.

On April 2, Mr. John Owen Kerrison and Miss Helen Margaret Howden, the daughter of Mr. Howden, are to be married at St. Stephen's Church, Chesham, Bucks., on the same day, Mr. Kenneth Southwood Owen, the second son, on Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Owen, is marrying Miss Barbara Cassenden Hunt, the youngest daughter of Captain T. H. H. Hunt, R.N.M. (retired), and Mrs. Hunt, of the Cadogan Hotel, Grosvenor.

Younger son of Major-General Cattoir of the Belgian Army, and Miss Alys Clark, the elder daughter of Mr. Godfrey Clark and Madame Clark-van-Eetvelde;



MRS. W. E. F. WILSON

Who was married to Mr. Walter Elliot Francis Wilson on February 4. She was formerly Miss Evelyn Ruth Tallack, the daughter of Dr. Tallack.

Mr. Edward Cecil James Woodford, the York and Lancaster Regiment, the second surviving son of Major E. F. Woodford, late York and Lancaster Regiment, and Mrs. Woodford of St.

Albans, Herts, and Miss Eleanor Waterhouse Brandon, the younger daughter of Mr. H. M. Brandon of Jamaica, B.W.I., and Mrs. E. N. W. Brandon; Mr. Guy Travers Aldous, the youngest son of the late Mr. Graham Aldous and Mrs. Aldous of Gedding Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, and Miss Elizabeth Angela Paul, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Paul of Freston Lodge, near Ipswich; Mr. Henry Arthur Hohler, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Hohler, D.S.O., and Mrs. Stanley Barry, and Miss Mona Valentine Pirie, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Pirie, D.S.O., and Mrs. Pirie of 50E, Cornwall Gardens; Mr. John Edward Ouseley Walker, the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, only son of Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Walker, of Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, and Miss Nenone Ann Moncreiff Melville, only daughter of the late Dr. G. Moncreiff Melville and Mrs. Moncreiff Melville of the Old Vicarage, Antony, Torpoint, Cornwall.



MISS OLIVE KING

The only daughter of the late Rev. E. S. King and Mrs. King of Hedingham, Stoke-by-Nayland, whose marriage to the Rev. P. R. Scott of Sheffield Cathedral will take place during the autumn.

## Recent Engagements.

Mr. John Drummond Nixon, A.R.B.S., of Spilway, N.S.W. and Miss Gladys Owen C.B.E., the elder daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Owen, C.B.E., of Sydney, N.S.W. Mr. Edward Owen Bryan, District Officer, Nigeria, the son of the late J. A. F. and Mrs. Bryan of The Rectory, Dunsford, and Miss Margaret Angela Denison, the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Hanley, Westorham; Mr. John E. Stoddman, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Stoddman, Hanbury Hill House, Bristol, and Miss Mabel H. Stafford, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stafford of Toluse; Mr. William Harold Fulmer, third son of the late Mr. H. F. Fulmer and Mrs. Fulmer of Longmeadow, Hereford, and Miss Grace Pethybridge, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Pethybridge of Manaton, Llanccston, Cornwall; Mr. Francis Cuttin, the

## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

An Ice Carnival will be held in Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on Wednesday, February 17, and of the Pump Room General and North West London Hospital. As well as general amusements there will be exhibitions by well-known



IN THE FOYER AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Miss Dorothy Dickson and Mr. Ernest Milton were among the many stage stars who attended the first night of the "Julius Caesar" revival. Miss Dickson recently made her first appearance in pantomime, and her "Dick Whittington" charmed all and sundry. Mr. Ernest Milton also enhanced his reputation by his brilliant character study as the war-shattered doctor in "Grand Hotel"

As a result of her tremendous success in *Private Lives* and other talking pictures, Norma Shearer has been signed to a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

contract, and her next picture for the Company will be a screen version of Eugene O'Neill's famous stage play, *Strange Interlude*. As a play, this subject was a big success both in London and in New York, but the nature of the story makes it ideal for film purposes. Clark Gable, who scored so heavily opposite Miss Shearer in a *Free Soul* has been chosen to play the leading male rôle in this subject, and Robert Z. Leonard, who directed the great Garbo hit, *The Rise of Helga*, has been selected to direct this important Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

To-morrow, the 18th, the well-known concert singer, Maud Neilson, is singing, among the numbers in her programme, a ballad entitled "When May Walks By." The words are by Betty Haddon, a little girl of eleven years, and are really delightful, and they so charmed Norman O'Neill, the famous composer of the incidental music to *Mary Rose*, that he set them to music.

On p. 274 of this week's issue appears a photograph with the following caption—Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Mr. Kindersley. This should read—Mrs. Hugh Kindersley and Mr. Philip Kindersley.



MISS GILL

Mr. Basil Gill's attractive daughter had a personal reason for being present to welcome "Julius Caesar" at His Majesty's, for her father plays "Marcus Brutus" in this magnificent revival



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Aldwych

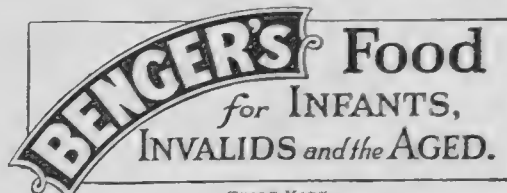


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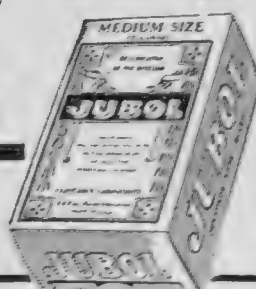
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# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

## The Parnall Elf.

**T**HOUGH no one admires the De Havilland Moth more than I do, I have always felt that it would be a pity if all light aeroplanes were to conform to the Moth formula too precisely, and to become Moths in all but name. That there has been a tendency in that direction none can deny. Captain de Havilland found the pattern, many others have repeated it under a different colour scheme and a different name. Only Paris can create new fashions in dress for women, only Captain de Havilland in design for light aeroplanes.

Boredom might be defined as the response to repetition. The new, the original, the individual, the independent are all enemies to boredom, and therefore, however excellent the leading type may be, in dress or aeroplanes or anything else, it is always good to see that there are also other types. In the design of light aircraft there is still plenty of room for original and independent thought, and there are plenty of original and independent thinkers, among them the designer of the Parnall Elf.

At Hanworth, last week, Colonel the Master of Sempill gave me an opportunity of flying the Parnall Elf in its newest form. Fundamentally it does not, so far as could be seen, differ from the earlier Elf. The Warren truss bracing for the wings is preserved, and the general line is much the same, but there are some minor refinements, and with the Cirrus Hermes engine the machine performs well.

## View.

**I**t is impossible to form an exact opinion of an aeroplane's performance and handling qualities during one short flight, and I avoid criticizing those features until I know a type well. But one or two things of interest to amateur flyers may be noted. The first is the view.

In the Elf, the pilot sits far back along the fuselage and the top plane is on the level of his eyes. Even the passenger is behind the top plane, which is cut away at the centre section. The lower plane is of narrow cord, so that the view approaches that of a single-seater fighter, and is better than can be obtained from most light aeroplanes. To one who has done most of his flying in service machines it is a relief to be able to see.

Another feature of the Elf seemed to me to be the positive action of the ailerons through a wide range of speeds. A rolling moment which seemed to bear a direct ratio with the extent of the stick movement was the result of application of the ailerons from top speed down to stalling speed. The tail adjusting gear works on the incidence of the tail plane,

and allows accurate setting to be secured while there is, in addition, a loading device for the stick.

While over Hanworth in the Elf one could not help noticing the signs of increased seasonal activity at this aerodrome. The sheep are returning to the fold. Times may be difficult (times always are difficult), but flying is one of the things that is still going ahead and that is likely to have one of its best years. During the spring I predict that the popularity of Hanworth, already great, will further increase. The rates there are low and the quality of the instruction high, while the club house and aerodrome are among the best in London.

## "Tatler" Pupils.

**I** have recently had letters from five TATLER scholarship winners, all of whom propose to keep up their flying, and if possible—the financial situation is mentioned by more than one—to increase the number of hours flown during this season. Since THE TATLER launched its scheme flying scholarships have been offered by many different people in many different parts of the country; indeed, it might be said that THE TATLER scheme set the fashion of the flying scholarship.

One TATLER winner, the one at Heston, Miss Jackaman, was unable to carry through her training continuously because she was abroad most of the time since winning the scholarship. But she has now returned and has bought an aeroplane which she is keeping at Heston. I am told by those who watched over her training that she has shown herself a first-class pilot.

I have also heard from a runner-up in THE TATLER competition. He is keeping to flying and proposes to maintain an "A" licence. He is one of many who started flying in THE TATLER competition and who, although not winners, have decided to learn to fly on their own. THE TATLER scheme proved that there are, in this country, many hundreds of people anxious to fly if they are but invited to do so in the right way.

## Rumours.

**T**wo rumours are abroad, one already rather more than a rumour. The first is that a new flying paper is to be produced, upon the most lavish scale, which will concentrate particularly upon private and club flying. The other is that an altogether new kind of air race is to be held at Heston this season.

The idea for the air race is one which I believe will gain the approval of everyone concerned in amateur flying. It strikes a note that has never been struck before, which will be listened to by the general public and the flyers themselves alike with the greatest interest.

Beyond that cryptic statement I cannot go at the present moment.



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"I want to secure, if it is now possible, a set of Bairnsfather's famous War-time Cartoons in COLOUR. I believe these were published in THE BYSTANDER, and I shall be glad if you will let me know if you have any sets suitable for framing."

## BAIRNSFATHER'S

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## CARTOONS IN COLOUR

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Gained a Shapely Figure

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When your vital organs fail to perform their work correctly—your bowels and kidneys can't throw off that waste material—before you realise it you're growing hideously fat!

Take half a teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning—cut out pastry and fatty meats—go light on potatoes, butter, cream and sugar—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—your eyes sparkle with glorious health—you feel younger in body—keener in mind. KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

Get a 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts from any chemist's (lasts four weeks). Even this first bottle should convince you this is the easiest, safest and surest way to lose fat—you will feel a superb improvement in health—gloriously energetic—vigorously alive.

Table Tells What Women Should Weigh in lbs. in Indoor Clothes & Shoes

AGES	25 to 29	30 to 34	35 to 39	40 to 44	45 to 49
5 ft. 0 in.	118	121	124	128	131
5 ft. 1 in.	120	123	126	130	133
5 ft. 2 in.	122	125	129	133	136
5 ft. 3 in.	125	128	132	136	139
5 ft. 4 in.	129	132	136	139	142
5 ft. 5 in.	132	136	140	143	146
5 ft. 6 in.	136	140	144	147	151
5 ft. 7 in.	140	144	148	151	155
5 ft. 8 in.	144	148	152	155	159
5 ft. 9 in.	148	152	156	159	163

In two months Miss P. T., of Burgess Hill, Sussex, reduced her weight from 12 stone 13 lb. to 10 stone 8 lb. "I had no special diet," she writes, "just the same as I always had, but I took half a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in half a tumbler of hot water every morning."

Mrs. F. R., of London, writes: "I have reduced 20 lb. with Kruschen, and feel brighter and more energetic in every way. My husband says I look five years younger. There is no other reason for my loss of weight except Kruschen, as I do not take any particular diet."

## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

"The Kennel Gazette" of January is always interesting, as it contains the annual statistics. The total of registrations for 1931 is less than the preceding year, being only 43,876 as against 48,784 in 1930. Strangely enough the registrations in the latter part of the year showed an improvement on the first six months. The falling-off is general in all breeds, the only terrier breeds to increase their registrations being Scotties, Skyes, and Manchesters; the latter breed is beginning to rise out of its apathy. During 1931 264 dogs completed their title of champion, being one less than in 1930. There has been a gradual decrease in registrations since 1926, but as they showed an increase in the last six months of last year, it is hoped this will continue. The statistics are worth anyone's reading who is not aware of the size and importance of the dog industry in this country and the good export trade it does.

The Labrador is a dog which has risen to immense popularity lately, and rightly so. His fame as a gun-dog is world-wide and in his other capacity as friend he is unbeatable, being essentially a "one-man" dog, very intelligent, and affectionate to those he likes—also quiet and dignified; he can be taken anywhere and will never disgrace you. Mrs. Anderson has a well-known kennel, one of whose brightest ornaments is the beautiful Champion Hornton Delilah whose picture we give. Delilah is one of the very best Labrador bitches in the country, her sire is Champion Banchory Danilo, so she is thus granddaughter of the famous dual Champion Banchory Bolo, from whom most of the best Labradors are descended. She was bred by Miss Brodrick and was one of a celebrated litter of seven, of which



CH. HORNTON DELILAH  
The property of Mrs. Anderson



GOLDEN COCKERS  
The property of Miss Body

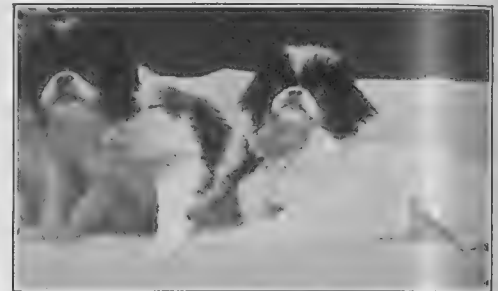
every one is either a bench or trial winner. Mrs. Anderson shows her dogs fearlessly and Delilah won her certificates in six months. She has, like all Labradors, a charming disposition, and is her mistress's constant companion. Mrs. Anderson has several seven- and eight-month puppies for sale and is always pleased to show them to anyone.

Miss Body's golden Cockers are well known to us. She has still two ladies left out of those in the accompanying photograph, but they are now six months old. One is very small, but perfectly strong and normal. Golden Cockers are very much the fashion at present.

Miss Gertrude Savile is another member well known to us. She sends a delightful snapshot of some Japanese, one of which is for sale, aged one year. Miss Savile says "she has a lovely disposition, and is a great pet and companion." She also has some young puppies for sale. She gives a very good account of her dogs which are "fit and ready for the coming season." The Japanese is a delightful and attractive dog, one of the most charming of the toy breeds. Miss Savile's address is, Miss Gertrude Savile, Sunnycroft, Clint, Ripley, Harrogate.

I have received an application for a dog as companion to a man, an excellent home; the man is a great walker and wants a dog to go for walks with him. It must be at least nine months old, house trained, used to a lead, if possible over distemper. Either a Cairn, Border, Manchester, or Welsh terrier, but appearance does not count, ears may be down or tail curled, but health essential. A small price is offered. Has anyone a healthy, ordinary dog, wanting a real good home?

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JAPANESE PUPPIES  
The property of Miss Gertrude Savile

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# CUTEX

*Everything for lovely Nails*

**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 288

distinguished captains of industry, all rolled into one. Well, I shall never be anything like that, but the great idea is not so unthinkable as most of "the stuff that dreams are made on."

**Why Don't We?**

A pal o' mine has just been telling me of a rather curious experience that he had a short while ago. He was out for an evening's amusement with some friends, and left his car for a quite unauthorized time in a quiet square that is not an authorized parking place, and when he came back for it, the elusive little thing had vanished. Well, it was that time o' night when it is just possible for the careless to make a mistake about such a trifling thing as a square, and so this pal o' mine thought he had better look round a bit before getting the police on the trail. So he tried one or two squares and side streets, only to find them stark and empty, and finally he went back to the original square, and there was his car all safe and sound. Naturally his first guilty notion was that he had been the victim of one of those funny optical illusions which do sometimes occur very late at night, and he would have accepted this explanation without much demur, only that the radiator was too hot to touch, and there was at least two more gallons in the petrol gauge than there had been before. And, he says, the inside of the car was heavy with a rather choice perfume. I suggested that his friends might have been larking with him, but this he declared to be impossible. So he was very lucky, and that was that. But the point he was after is, why don't British makers fit their cars with locks, which are much more needful in standardized big production cars than on special easily-identifiable models! Personally, I abominate locks for I always lose keys, but others could make good use of them. The ordinary ignition key is quite futile, for any car thief has a pocketful of them. Then the worst of a Yale key is that if you do mislay it you may have to wait some days before you can get your car going, especially if it is a gear-box lock.



REGGIE MEEN AVEC VAUXHALL CAR

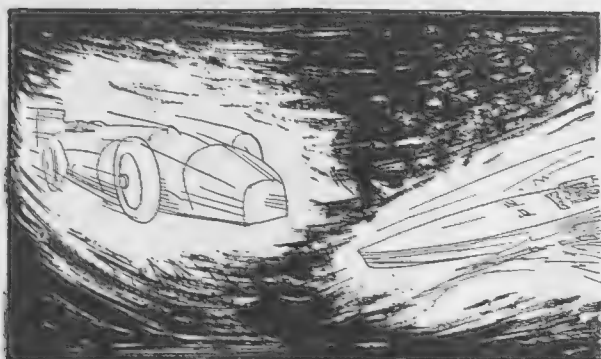
A snapshot at Luton of this well-known British boxer, who was paying a visit to the Vauxhall Works at the world's hat-manufacturing capital

**MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS**

Arrangements are rapidly approaching completion for the great Motor Exhibition which Ford Motor Company is holding at the Royal Albert Hall. The exhibition opens with a trade and press view on Friday, February 19, and it is proposed to follow this with a Special Dealers' Luncheon. The general public will be admitted at 3 p.m. on the opening day, and between the hours of 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. for the remainder of the Exhibition which closes Saturday, February 27. A remarkably comprehensive display of Ford products has been gathered together by the organisers. Commercial vehicles of every conceivable body type; specially designed bodywork for specific trades; industrial and agricultural tractors with auxiliary machinery and equipment; marine and industrial conversions; all will be represented in a grand scale show. The incidental or supporting features are really worthy of a separate and distinct exhibition. Every effort is being made to present a true aspect of the wide ramifications of the Ford industry. With these and many other equally interesting features as attractions the Royal Albert Hall looks like becoming, for a time at any rate, a Mecca of the automobile industry.

How an elephant was used to test the strength of a motor-car body is told by the Pressed Steel Company of Oxford. Most motorists are unaware that the elephant, with all his vast bulk and weight, is a most discerning animal. Only young elephants are caught in traps; the adult model knows he is heavy and knows instinctively what will bear his weight; so much so, in fact, that in the countries where elephants are used as a means of transport, the natives on completing a bridge will try to persuade one on to it. In order to demonstrate the strength of all-steel body-work a platform was fixed on top of a car fitted with a body of one-piece construction, and a five-ton elephant was invited to step on it from a warehouse floor of similar height. The huge beast never hesitated; he was conscious that the body-work would hold him and he stepped on to it with confidence.

# Why **HEROES**



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**Mr. Joyce:**—And the striking thing is that like every other World Speed Record Holder he uses Moseley Float-on-Air Cushions. We're in good company, Pass—and I wouldn't go back to the ordinary upholstery at any price.

**Mr. Pass:**—You needn't at the price of Moseley's Float-on-Air! In fact, it's amazing to me that everybody doesn't have it—especially elderly people.

**Mr. Joyce:**—I reckon it just about halves every distance so far as tiring goes—and as for comfort—it's "sitting pretty" with a vengeance!

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*This being pre-eminently an owner-driver's car, I must emphasise a remark made earlier, that it is easy to control. A woman would find it much easier and pleasanter to handle than many smaller cars. The steering is beautifully light and definite and exceptionally steady at high speeds over a bad surface. The brakes would particularly delight her, for they begin to act at the first pressure of the pedal, need hardly more effort to apply than the accelerator, and produce effects almost as rapid and decisive.*

Sporting & Dramatic News 12.12.31

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## ROUND AND ABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for an old widow of seventy-nine to whom they have been giving an allowance of 5s. weekly, as otherwise she would have only her Old Age pension. Unfortunately the funds have now run out for her.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL "GILES" COURAGE, D.S.O., M.C.

The new Colonel of the 15th/19th Hussars in succession to the late General Sir William Peyton. General Courage is "Giles" to so many of us. He is a 15th Hussar, a late No. 1 of their at that time victorious polo team, a first-class man on a horse in a 'chase and to hounds and also a very gallant soldier with a fine war record. He was very badly wounded. Last season he broke his neck out hunting but a clever surgeon saved his life.

She has been a cripple since girlhood owing to some furniture falling on her foot. She often suffers very much, for when she walks the foot doubles up under her, yet all her life up to now she has been a hard worker. Her foot is always worse in cold weather and often painful. She keeps her room spotlessly clean and is a very nice old woman. She simply dreads being moved away from her one-roomed little "home" into any institution. The Friends of the Poor earnestly appeal for £13 to last for a year.

The countless Gilbert and Sullivan lovers in the land will be delighted to hear that George Newnes, Ltd., under a special arrangement with Chappell and Co., Ltd., and J. B. Cramer and Co., are issuing in Part Form the words and music of the favourite numbers from each of the thirteen operas. The work will extend to about twenty-four parts, to be published fortnightly,

approximately two parts being devoted to each opera. Part I, which contains numbers from the first act of *The Mikado*, is on sale now, and Part II, which will contain numbers from the second act of the same opera, will be published on February 26. Each part is moderately priced at 1s. 3d., representing wonderful value, and can be obtained from all news-agents, music dealers, bookshops, and bookstalls.

The nourishing properties of cocoa are so well-known that as a food beverage it is a prime favourite, and presented in tablet form ready for immediate use, sugar and milk being included, at 1d. for two breakfast cups, we cannot do other than expect wide popularity for it. The new Oxade Cocoa Tablets are in line with the present need of economy. A penny packet makes two cups of delicious cocoa, and a man can carry it in his pocket, or a lady in her handbag. A great feature of this cocoa is that no milk or sugar is required, so that it can be made wherever boiling water is available. Oxade Cocoa is also recommended for use in making chocolate cakes.

Forty years of the best kind of work possible—that of making little children happy—has been achieved by Pearson's Fresh Air Fund. In 1892 this fund was started, and every year since then thousands of poor children, whose circumstances in life force them to live in slums with often never more than an occasional glimpse of the sun on a dirty street, have been taken for a day in the country and given complete happiness. During the forty years, five and three-quarter million kiddies have shared this happiness, and 100,000 more have been given a longer holiday of a fortnight in the country-side or by the sea. This fund is one which gives joy to those who give towards it, and every member of the Royal Family has shown his or her interest, financially, and in many other ways.



THE PALACE HOTEL HELIOPOLIS

A view from the veranda of this famous and most comfortable hotel looking out on the Boulevard Abbas. The Heliopolis Oasis is just outside Cairo on the edge of the sand.

## The Pearl—a Gem above Fashion

For Women of Fashion.

Women of fashion are able to express their individuality with the aid of Ciro pearls and stones. They choose the ornaments to harmonize with their dresses; they consider the setting and disregard the superficial matter of cost. They know that the oyster has lost the monopoly of having produced a gem of pure pearliness as Science is responsible for a jewel that is indistinguishable in lustre and weight from Nature's handiwork. Science has also taught men the art of creating sapphires, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies; perfect specimens may be seen in the Ciro salons, 178, Regent Street. They occupy prominent rôles in the jewellery pictured on this page.

The Ciro Gems.

The Ciro pearls and gems are of rare perfection with all the beauty and rich quality of Nature's triumphs, while the craftsmanship present in the setting carries out the great tradition of French jewellery.

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Jewellery, Ciro

Pictures by Blake



# HATS

take an optimistic turn  
and say it with flowers

How long is it since you put a garland of daisies round your spring straw? How long since you clapped a trimly banded Breton sailor on your head? Probably not since nursery days.

This spring, recapture that carefree atmosphere again. But it's a narrow divide between looking young and looking silly. Let Vogue guide you along this delicate path. Vogue will tell you all you need to know about hats . . . their shapes, their colours, the settings they demand, the times of day at which they flower. Vogue tells you when to bank a whole brim with violets, when to isolate a solitary spray of white clematis.

Alarmed by all this fancifulness? All very well, do you say, but what about hats to wear with suits and coats? Well, the new hats are not exclusively floral. Lots of them express their gaiety in other ways, in peaked crowns, in roll effects, in naively turned-up brims, in variations of our beloved beret.

Vogue shows you all the facets of the new millinery mode. It shows you hats to cut a dash in for an occasion and hats to live in for a whole season; hats for the rich, the not-so-rich, the fashionably hard-up, and even a hat you can make at home . . . Not to mention the hat that an American writer takes off to the British as he describes and contrasts the effects of the present crisis in Paris and London.

Other exciting items in the same issue include blouses with the new neck and waist lines. Evening clothes with interesting shoulder treatments. Fashions in dogs. Discoveries in Chic. Lots of "Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes" including the "Bargain of the Fortnight," this time a coat, dress, scarf and jumper for 11 gns. Vogue's Fashion Formula for the woman who expects a baby. And several pages of new Vogue Patterns.



Illustration copyright

Here you see Reboux's ideas on flowers, the peaked crown, the up-at-the-back line. Three important fashion points, but by no means the whole hat story. That's in Vogue.

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NUMBER...1/-

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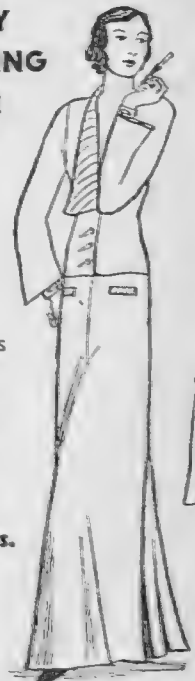
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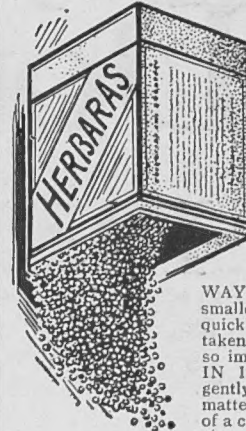
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